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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Antiquities of Ionia, published by the Society of Dilettanti. Parts I. and II. 1821.

THE Society of Dilettanti is very little known to the country: its transactions are hardly ever seen or heard of beyond its own bounds; and whether its proceedings are calculated or not to improve our national taste, and throw a light on ancient arts, is, we believe, a problem which few persons possess any grounds for guessing at, far less for deciding.

The great expense of such works as these "Antiquities" effectually limits their circulation; and thus even if they are justly entitled to be esteemed useful, the seclusion in which they are got up, and their want of publicity, diminish, if not altogether destroy their claim to value. As an elegant pursuit for its members, such an institution no doubt offers delightful facilities; but for patriotic improvement, we fear that in its 90th year it has all the imbecility of age without experience, or a direction towards the public good.

It may not be unacceptable in the notice of this subject to insert a list of the Members as it stood last June; from which it will be perceived that there is power, intellect, and genius enough to accomplish the most important objects, whenever the Society pleases to employ its talents in such efforts. The names are, R. Payne Knight, Sir H. Englefield (since dead), Roger Wilbraham, James Dawkins, W. Mitford, Earl of Guilford, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Dundas, Sir Thomas Lawrence, W. Sotheby, John Symonds, Hon. W. R. Spencer, John Hawkins, J. S. B. Morritt, Duke of Somerset, Sir W. Drummond, Th. Hope, Lord Northwick, Duke of Hamilton, Sir J. C. Hippisley, Lord Morpeth, Earl Cowper, Earl Morley, C. W. Wynne, Samuel Rogers, Right Hon. R. Pole Carew, Earl of Aberdeen, Sir W. W. Wynne, H. P. Hope, Sir W. Gell, Earl of Charleville, W. Dickenson, F. Foster, W. Wilkins, W. Hamilton, Earl of Dunmore, Forster Cunliffe, Peregrine Townley, W. Fitzhugh, E. Davenport, Colonel Leake, Earl of Surrey, R. Heber, Right Hon. John H. Frere, Marquis of Stafford, Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Charlemont, T. Legh, R. Westmacott, Earl of Roseberry, H. Galley Knight, N. Fazakerley, H. Hallam, Hon. T. Dundas, Duke of Bedford, Hon. R. H. Clive, Hon. W. Ponsonby, Hon. G. Ellis, and W. Bankes.

From fifty-nine individuals like these, much is reasonably to be expected; but we are not aware that much has been done by them in their associated capacity.

Of the volumes which they have last promulgated we shall give an impartial account, and our readers, particularly those acquainted with the Arts and intimate with the higher branches of literature, will thence be able to appreciate the current labours of the Dilettanti.

Let it be premised, that this body was formed in 1734, by "some gentlemen who had travelled in Italy, and were desirous of encouraging at home a taste for those objects which had contributed so much to their entertainment abroad." It is declared that a serious plan for the promotion of arts was not their leading motive, but that friendly and social intercourse was their first great object: a hope is however expressed that the present work "will show that they have not, for that reason, abandoned the cause of virtue, in which they are also engaged, or forfeited their pretensions to that character which is implied in the name they have assumed."

In 1764 their finances were so flourishing that they dispatched a mission (consisting of Mr. Chandler for the classical, Mr. Revett for the architectural, and Mr. Pars for the artist's departments) to collect information relative to Greece, and procure exact descriptions of ruins in that quarter.

The results of their investigations in Ionia have been deemed worthy of being made known; and the plates of this specimen ordered to be engraved at the expense of the Society. A second mission to the shores of Asia Minor took place in 1812, when Mr. (now Sir W.) Gell, Mr. J. P. Gandy, and Mr. F. Bedford, were chosen for that purpose. Their researches in Attica have formed a splendid work published by the Society: in that now before us, and another which is in progress, the antiquities of Ionia are embraced.

In the Introduction it is contended that light was admitted to the generality of ancient temples only by the door-way; and consequently that the cella was illuminated by artificial lights,—fires always burning, lamps perpetually trimmed, or torches. A multitude of authorities show that this mode was adopted, and probably gave a sublime effect to the mythological rites and mysteries performed in these temples. Vitruvius alone can be quoted in opposition to this theory, and it is maintained that the passage in his work (Civil Architecture, page 10,) which asserts that light was in certain cases admitted by apertures in the roof, is "applicable only to decastyle temples, constructed with double peristyles."

The first part is divided into descriptions, &c. of Teos, Priene, Didyme, Labranda, and Samos. The magnificent temple at Teos was dedicated to Dionysus or Bacchus, the tutelary god of the Teians; its architect was Hermogenes, one of the ancient builders who asserted that the Doric order was improper for sacred edifices, and who left this sole monument to illustrate his principles and improvements. It appears to have been a very simple Ionic temple; but the three plates which exhibit its remains give us only mutilated ruins.

The temple of Priene, built by Pytheus or Phileos, and dedicated to Minerva, was probably of the same era, namely, between the period of Xerxes (who destroyed all the

Ionian Temples but that at Ephesus) and Alexander the Great. Eighteen plates are devoted to this temple, and the country around it, including the river Mæander, &c. Plate 5, the Elevation of the temple, is a fine example of engraving, for such representations; and those of the ornamental parts prove them to have been elegant and rich.

The chapter on the Temple of the Branchidae (one of the sacred tribes in Greek, like those of the Sherifs, &c. in modern Mohammedanism,) afterwards named, of Apollo Didymeus, is headed by a beautiful vignette of statues on the sacred way, drawn by J. P. Gandy. The temple at Didyme, built by Peonius, was only inferior in reputation to that at Delphi.

Apollo at both Temples displayed his prescience verbally. The talent of extemporary versification was supposed to be derived from him, and the Pythia for many ages gave her responses in verse; but profane jesters affirming, that of all poets the god of poetry was the most wretched, she consulted his credit by condescending to use prose; and these replies were converted into metre by bards serving in the temple, (Strabo, lib. IX.) From the specimens yet extant, we may safely pronounce the genius of the god to have been as contemptible in Asia as in Greece, disgracing in both the heroic mean-

* Varro throws a good deal of light on the circumstances of these prophetic families, such as the Branchidae (so called from Branchus their founder,) the Iamidæ at Olympia, &c. His account of the former is curious.—"A certain Olus, the tenth in descent from Apollo, after dining on the shore, renewed his journey, leaving behind his son Simerus. The youth, thus forgotten, was received by one Patron, who set him to attend the goats, in company with his own two sons. Those on a time catching a swan, and a dispute arising which should present it to their father, began to fight, covering the bird with a garment, which, when mutually tired, they removed, and discovered beneath it a woman. They were astonished, and would have fled, but she recalled them, and directed that Patron should prefer Simerus to either. Accordingly, on hearing the tale, Patron caressed him with uncommon affection, and bestowed on him his daughter in marriage. She, during her pregnancy, beheld in a dream the sun passing down her throat, and through her body. Hence the infant was named Branchas (*Ἰβρυκκος*, the throat.) He, after kissing Apollo in the woods, was embraced by him, received a crown and wand, began to prophesy, and suddenly disappeared. The temple, called the Branchadon, was erected to him; and other temples in honour of Apollo Phileus, and called Phileia, either from the kiss of Branchus, or the contest of the boys."

The dispute between the boys seems to have arisen from an equality of years, or their being *ἰδύμιοι*, twins: the title *Ἀδύμειος*, given to Apollo, is very ancient, and occurs in the Orphic Hymns, though it is singular that no mention is found of this Apollo in Homer or Pindar, unless in the hymns attributed to the former, v. 180 in Apoll.

sure, the chief vehicle of his predictions. His statue here, executed by Canachus, was naked, and of brass; that at Thebes by the same artist was of cedar.

To the inscriptions discovered among the ruins of this Milesian temple, we owe the knowledge of many curious facts connected with the oracles, the priests, and the gifts of princes. The chief priest was called Stephenophorus, from wearing a crown when employed in his function. The prophet reported the answers of the Oracle, and was elected by the lots (a mode of divination which the priests could probably manage at will) except when superior merit or interest prevented a competition. The *Paradi*, or advisors of Apollo, were keepers of the sacred treasures: the poet and inferior officers, including the Hydrophorus or Water-carrier, are also mentioned. Caligula, it appears, at one time entertained the intention of substituting himself for the God worshipped at Miletus.

The text whence we have derived these particulars has some interesting notices of the rise and fall of Oracles; the illustrative plates are eight in number;—and the statues, &c. of the Egyptian school.

The Temple of Labranda, dedicated to the Military Jupiter, whose image was of wood, and who is often represented on medals with two hatchets, offers us nothing for remark; and we turn to the last chapter, on "Samos," an island rich in antiquities, and as yet very imperfectly explored.

The site of the Heræum, or temple of Juno, was visited by the Dilectanti Mission, and the following statement relating to it cannot be unacceptable to the classical scholar and antiquarian.—"It was probably in ancient times a swamp, and approached by a causeway, such spots being often selected in Ionia, either from the real or imaginary security which they afforded against earthquakes. The temples of Diana at Ephesus, and Minerva-Leucophryne at Magnesia ad Meandrum, are examples of this choice. Vitruvius speaks of the foundations of such edifices; but if we might judge of the real effect of the marsh upon their durability, from the comparison of those ruins which remain, with others founded upon rocks, we might perhaps find that the only difference consists in the circumstance, that the temples situated in swamps seem to have been overthrown by a simultaneous motion like a wave, in consequence of which, the columns have been thrown down in parallel lines in the direction of the shock, while the others have tottered and fallen nearly on the spot, as at the temple of Minerva-Polias at Priene. The temple of Juno was raised upon a platform, to which there was an ascent of several steps. It was probably surrounded by a portico of later date. Herodotus mentions three magnificent works of the Samians, of which it was the most magnificent and extensive. Rhœceus, the son of Phileus, was the architect of this celebrated structure. The statue of Juno, which ornamented it, was of bronze, and existed till about A.D. 1200, in the square of Constantine at Constantinople, when (according to the Byzantine historian, Nicetas Choniates, in a fragment preserved by Fabricius,) it was destroyed by the Crusaders. The head when broken off, he relates, was of such prodigious weight, that eight oxen could with difficulty drag it to the palace, where it was melted with the other pieces

of the statue into staters, and employed, in all probability, in paying the Venetians for the transport of troops. A small statue of brass, supposed to resemble this great image, and found near the temple, is in the possession of the Rev. G. A. Browne, of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Mr. R. P. Knight has a brazen head of a griffin also found there. Relics of marble statuary, basso-relievos, &c. abound in the vicinity.

Eight plates illustrate these subjects; but of none of these, nor of any of the others which adorn the volume, can we speak in terms of praise. They are unworthy of such a work, and of such a society. We reserve the consideration of Part II. for another paper.

The River Derwent, part 1st. and other Poems.
By William Branwhite Clarke, B.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 111. London 1822. Longman & Co.

WORDSWORTH'S River Duddon has suggested this new current of verse, and the author is a neophyte of the Lake school. His sentiments are amiable, his composition flowing as his subject. Still he seems to us to possess rather a poetical feeling, caught from a certain cast of reading, than the original vis of a poet inspired by paramount genius. But however derived, cultivation alone is requisite to elevate him far above this (we suppose a first) essay.

A "preface to the River Derwent," like the Banks to the River Thames in the Critic, gives useful information; for it tells us that Mr. Clarke has adopted the Spenserian stanza as best adapted to the luxuriances of descriptive poetry, and adds, rather whimsically, "An apology may by some be considered necessary, for the length to which the poem has been drawn; but, although my Lord Byron has thought proper to bear his readers, as swiftly as his own Mazeppa, from clime to clime, and from land to land, it is not every mind which can bear such extraordinary flights. The tortoise must not expect to keep pace with the hare."

This is a sly hit at the noble author, who, we dare say, never dreamed of being thus compared with the timorous animal which is hunted by dogs as he is by critics. But to return to our author. With two or three exceptions, such for instance as the line Of thousand worlds,—what spirit is there, but obeys, his construction of the Spenserian stanza is remarkably harmonious; but for this purpose he has had recourse to inadmissible expletives,* (the "dids" and "doths" of bad poetry,) and still more inadmissible rhymes and terminations. We find not only the last syllable accented in unfeigned, betrothed, unmatched, despised, unfurled, traced, calmed, garnished, twined, unassailed, inspired, embowered, veiled, &c. but even rhymes formed upon words so elongated. *Ex. gr.* I glad would twine, in rapture gathered 'Mong thine own mountain shades and inland bowers, Where the rich year its varied gifts hath spread.

Upon the sword, the daleman's humble store,
In undisturbed security, is spread:
Uncertain pathways to his venturous tread—
Lo! rise behind, around, in wondrous size
His guardian mountains, where, untutored—

* Thus, page 30,

As if some spirit did the dawn renew,
And Night's last tears unknissed away did stand—

Thy summit rising in as clear a sky,—
The veil of beauty o'er the vallies spread,
That at thy foot, in tranquil verdure, lie,
With tree, and bridge, and building, varied,—
This do I plead, if all unpractised
I have into the garden of the Nine,
With a rude step, intruded:—thither led
By the fair prospect: - - -

Nothing can excuse such rhymes as these, and their very sameness, "spread" thrice so ill employed, would doom them to censure were they otherwise tolerable. But they are intolerable, and, if there be a degree in the intolerable, the following is more so:

Derwent's clear wave, in music gliding by,
Would Arethusa to his waves have won,
And she, enshrined in such felicity,

His free embrace had never striv'n to shun,
But dwell, for aye, in joy and sweet seclusion.

We have, also, before extracting a specimen of the writer's talents, to express our entire disapprobation of such liberties with the English tongue, copious enough for all that true poetry needs, as the use of such words as "imitates" for inimitable, &c. Young authors should avoid affected phraseology, and prove that they can express their thoughts in their native language, agreeably to its standard, before they attempt to introduce alterations. We now hasten to our more pleasant duty of quoting a few of Mr. Clarke's beauties, of which the following apostrophe to Greece is one:

Oh, Greece! thou fairy-land of school-boy hours—

Thou earthly paradise of youthful dreams—
How have I rambled through thy classic bowers,
And hung in fancy o'er thy fabled streams!
And now again the sun of glory gleams
From its pure heaven; and Victory's angel smiles;
And all that valour deems immortal beams
Around thy lovely vales and sunny isles;
And hosts are met again, in thy unstained defiles;—

And heroes, as of old, undaunted rise,
Called to the battle for thy hearths and fanes;
And banners float in thy unruffled skies,
And warlike music echoes from thy plains,
And swords leap forth at the inspiring strains:—
Who would not rush to combat for thy sake—
When she they love of foreign yoke complains!
Oh Europe! may thy valiant spirit wake
And the oppressor from his grasp of bondage shake!

The scenery on the Derwent furnishes another example:

Confined within a rude and narrow bed
Winds the swift stream; on either side arise,
Like walls by giant hands upreared in dread,
Steeps that seem canopied by silken skies,
With forms, in mockery of man's rare device,
Turrets, and towers, and time-worn battlements,
And groves which clothe their sides, whose
dwindled size

Shows like adornments on a tapestried tent,
Or imaged forms of old with decorations blent.

But the ensuing stanza is very faulty:

As a young lion, in its playful mood,
With wanton gambols, joins its wild compeers,
Lords of the forest;—so, the brother flood
Forth from the huge Bow-Fell majestic steers
Its turbulent course, and sparkling now appears
'Midst rocks and trees which these defies have
graced,

And round the Eagle's lofty crag it veers,
Spreading a smile through each unsolaced waste,
As on its way it goes, in rioting and haste.

Here the similes do not hold—a playful lion in wanton gambols is nothing like a turbulent

stream steering its majestic course! The following is, however, very poetical, and with it we conclude:

Mountains are altars raised to God, by hands Omnipotent, and man must worship there: On their aspiring summits glad he stands And near to heaven: the lowly plain may bear Subject for pleasure; but, on them we share A more intense delight and nobler, till, In our excess of consciousness, we dare In them to worship ev'n the wondrous skill Which formed unnumbered worlds, and yet formed nothing ill.

I love the mountain, in its lordly pride Robed in the tempest, or in day's bright beam,— Th' impervious forest on its rugged side, Or washed by some clear brook, or purling stream Meand'ring on through flowers:—the eagle's scream Or the sweet music of the songster's lay— The dark'ning cloud, or lightning's lurid gleam— Are varied scenes; but who hath heart to say They lend no potent charm where all is grand or gay?

Fragments on fragments heaped—a chaos wild— I've rambled through, in many a lonely dell, Have seen where, in such desolation, smiled One lonely flower—the heath or mountain bell; Nor could I then the inspiration tell Which led my mind to worship, nor declare The thoughts which bade my heart with rapture As, gazing on that scene of wonder there, [swell, I saw the mighty arm of majesty laid bare.

In the protection of some holy mount, Deem not them wrong who raised the votive fane, Nor their poor offering, as despised, account. Oh! deem not such unfeigned worship vain: —They saw the moon in mid-heaven wax and wane, Then sink behind their hills; they saw the sun With his first beams their misty ridges gain, And, thence, his cheering course rejoicing run, Or, on their summits rest, when his bright goal was won:

They saw the tempest's desolating sway Hang on their mountains, with its brooding wing;— They saw the lightning's coruscations play Round their tall heads, and, dimly hovering, From his high nest the unharmed eagle spring; The living thunder round each kindled peak Was heard to roll, and every breathing thing, As tempest-born, did from its covert break: And as they gazed, they worshipped. - - -

A few minor productions of a serious character are added to the volume.

EASTER; or a Manual Explanatory of the Latin Words and Phrases, &c. of the Church Service; with some Account of the Days and Seasons appointed to be observed. 12mo. pp. 90. Rivingtons.

This is a valuable little volume. It contains a great deal of information in a very compact form, and we have seen nothing fitter to make a companion to the Liturgy. It is not every man, that will take the trouble to question his own knowledge on any subject, and the Bible and Prayer-book are perhaps more frequently dishonoured by an idle and inconsiderate acquiescence, when they are acquiesced in at all, than any other matters of human intelligence. On the present occasion we have to speak merely

of the phrases of the Liturgy, and we are convinced that of every hundred who hear our admirable church service, ninety-nine are ignorant of the history, the allusion, or even the literal meaning of the greater part of those titles and terms which are constantly occurring to the ear. The preface illustrates this unfortunate truth, in a style of peculiar naïveté:—

"Happening to be present at a dinner in London, in company with several young members of one of our Universities, I was led, by the course of conversation, to inquire of the person who sat next to me, and whom, from some former discourse, I had conceived to be designed for the church, the meaning of the term Easter, and what was the reason for calling the feast of Christ's resurrection by that name.

My neighbour, I found, was unable to give me the information for which I asked, and which I was still earnest to obtain; and, therefore, when the table-cloth was removed, and conversation became general, I took the first opportunity that presented itself of renewing the subject, and proposing the question to the company.

If I had before felt some degree of surprise at not obtaining the information which I wished, how much greater was my disappointment at finding no one in the company able to satisfy my inquiry. The question was put round, and each one severally acknowledged that it had never occurred to him to investigate the point before him."

We could have easily anticipated the ignorance; but if the author place any portion of his worldly enjoyment in dining out, we must caution him against these formidable inquiries. He may rely upon it, that however his manners may render him popular among strangers,—and if we do not mistake his identity, no man's manners are fitter for popularity; his spirit of investigation will infallibly lose him his old acquaintance. We have great respect for the cloth; but we are convinced, by sufficient evidence, that to ask men about what they have never learned, or what they have altogether forgotten, is among the most expeditious contrivances known, to be voted out of the most profound and well benefited society.

But the ingenious writer professes to have had no lurking sarcasm in the business. The same difficulties which had scattered dismay round the table, were felt by the enquirer, and on his return home he applied himself to ascertain the explanations of his queries. They form the contents of this volume, and certainly supply the most satisfactory account, with relation to the size of the work, that we have seen of the more important features of the Liturgy. The discussion is carried on in the easy form of a dialogue between a clergyman and his parishioner, and follows the order in which the topics occur in the service.

We give an extract from the passage relating to the Creed, as a specimen of the clearness and intelligence that characterise the work.

P. Pray inform me why the *BELIEF* which I am taught, and which follows next in the service of the morning, is called the *Apostles' Creed*.

C. *Creed* and *Belief* mean the same thing. The first word, *Creed*, is derived from the Latin word, *Credo*; I believe. Therefore, the *Apostles' Creed* is the same as the *Apostles' Belief*.

P. I understand now why it is called a *Creed*; but you have not told me why it is called the *Apostles' Belief*.

C. As the doctrine taught by our blessed Saviour was quite new to the world, and as those who taught it after his death were severely persecuted for their new faith, it was thought requisite, for the preservation of the light that had been thus communicated to men, to draw up a short form of words, which should comprise the principal points of the Christian faith; and there is a tradition generally received, that as many of the Apostles as had escaped persecution, assembled together for that purpose, and, by each contributing his part, they composed a collection of the chief heads of faith, relating to what Christ had taught them. - - -

So the explanation proceeds.

The whole succession of Vigils, Ember Weeks, Names of Saints' Days, Divisions of the Liturgy, Great and Minor Festivals, &c. are succinctly explained. Easter, and its festivals adjoined, occupies a considerable space, and the author derives its name, on the testimony of the Venerable Bede, from Easter, the Saxon goddess; or, relying on others, from the more probable source, "Oster, to rise," the day of resurrection! But he need not have gone quite so far back, unless he spurned Wheatley, in whose heavy, but well-informed, work the same derivation is given.

On the whole, we look upon this performance of "a Layman" as a very ingenious and useful tribute to the popular knowledge of our church service. The volumes of Wheatley and Watson are obviously beyond the size that might adapt them for common use. The present work seems perfectly fit to be employed by the clergy as a supplement to the catechism, and to be bound up with the prayer-book of the parishioner. If we know the author, he is a man whose learning and ability have already obtained high literary distinction. But whoever he is, he may congratulate himself, in the present instance, on having done a service which was much wanted, and on having done it well. We observe that, for the purposes of general circulation, a cheap edition is published at 9d. or 7s. 6d. the dozen.

Lacon; or Many Things in Few Words: addressed to those who think. By the Rev. C. C. Colton, A.M., &c. Vol. 11. 8vo. pp. 186. London 1822. Longman & Co.

In the *Literary Gazette* of June 17 and 24, 1820, we delivered our opinion upon the 1st volume of this work; and the event has justified our prediction that it would be very extensively read. That which has now appeared resembles its predecessor in compressing many things, but not in so few words; for instead of five hundred *Laconisms*, we have here only about half that number. In other respects the sequel is very similar to the original, displaying a great deal of reading, an acute mind, and a fondness for the antithetical style, which in some instances has much force, and in others rather loses than

augments the point in a jingle of words. But our extracts will exhibit Mr. Colton better than any discussion of his peculiarities; and from them, we think, it will be gathered, that in a quaint manner he dispenses very sound advice, illustrates very important subjects happily, and by mingling his intellectual stores with pleasant anecdote and terseness of expression, has produced a book well calculated to inform and amuse the public. It would be too much to say that we agree with him in all his positions and arguments; but we are free to state, that in general our entire concurrence follows his reasoning, and that when we differ from him, it is never without paying homage to his talents. One objection we have to offer to this new Volume is, that some of its illustrations are rather sensual than philosophical, and that others hardly merit the companionship in which they are placed; but as we shall intersperse our quotations with brief notices, it needs not to detain our readers from these by farther preface.

In a note on the first proposition, which is stated in a double antithesis,* the author declares his partiality for that species of composition:

--- "Let any man (says he) try to recall to his memory all the pointed, epigrammatic, brief or severe things which he may have read or heard either at the Senate, the Bar, or the Stage, and he will see that I have not overrated the share which antithesis will be found to have had in their production. It is a figure capable not only of the greatest wit, but sometimes of the greatest beauty, and sometimes of the greatest sublimity. Milton, in his *moral* description of hell, says that it was a place which God "created evil, for evil only good; where all life dies, death lives." That it is capable of the greatest beauty, will be seen by the following translation from an Arabic poet, on the birth of a child:

"When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
While thine assembled friends around
With smiles their joy confest.
So live, that at thy parting hour,
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
And thou in smiles be drest."

"If these lines will not put my readers in good humour with antithesis, I must either give them up as incorrigible, or prescribe to them a regular course of reading discipline, administered by such writers as Herder or Gisborne, restricting them also most straightly from all such authors as Butler and Swift." ---

Having thus laid down his principle, away goes Lacon in his car drawn by *Antithesises*, as if they were so many flying dragons.

"As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints."

"Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent, for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligent."

"Great examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there

* "We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves."

are hundreds that want energy, for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds, as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand *pacific* ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss, the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle."

--- "Wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man:—That honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom; since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times more difficult for knavery to get off; and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no other reward, because they have heard that she is her own."

"If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours."

"I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply, to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world: Sir, said he, it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man—*may know himself*."

"We are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another, for points on which we agree. The reason perhaps is this; when we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince, and to convert them. Our pride is hurt by the failure, and disappointed pride engenders hatred. This reflection is strengthened by two circumstances observable in man; first, that the most zealous converters are always the most rancorous, when they fail of producing conviction; but when they succeed, they love their new disciples, far better than those whose establishment in the faith, neither excited their zeal to the combat, nor rewarded their prowess with a victory. Priestley owed much of the virulence with which he was attacked, to the circumstance of his agreeing *partly* with every body, but *entirely* with nobody. In politics as in philosophy, in literature as in religion, below the surface in *hydrostatics*, or above it in *pneumatics*, his track might still be traced, by the host of assailants that pursued it, and like the flying-fish, he had no sooner escaped one enemy in the water, than he had to encounter another in the air."

"Man, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power; but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness."

"It is pleasant enough for a bye-stander who happens to be in the secret, to note the double deception, and the reciprocal hypocrisy that is constantly going on between the young and the old, in this wicked and *transitory* world. The young are constantly paying every kind of attention to the old, without feeling the slightest esteem, and the old are as constantly levying the discount of their post obits from the young, without in-

tending the smallest remuneration. I remember a rich old gentleman at college, who constantly calculated the state of his health, by the rise and fall of these mercenary attentions. Some little time before he died, his physician would fain have persuaded him that he was much better; it would not do, he had just discovered, he said, six fatal symptoms in his own case,—*three presents, and three visits in one day from his dear friend Mr. H.*"

"Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late."

"The covetous man reverses the principle on which Æsop chose his burthen, and oppresses himself with a heavier load of provision, the nearer he gets to the end of his journey."

All these extracts have something to commend them to notice, so obvious, that it would be a waste of time to point out whether it is strength of thought, originality, neatness of simile, or pithiness of anecdote. The following are not so deserving of praise:

"What Fontenelle said of cockdoldom, might more truly be said of fame; it is nothing if you do not know it, and very little if you do. Nor does the similarity end here; for in both cases, the principals, though first concerned, are usually the very parties that are last informed."

We do not believe that all Mr. Colton's ingenuity could establish the truth of this position, in either case; and we equally doubt the correctness of the annexed:

"The power of love consists mainly in the privilege that Potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man."

The difference of the sexes makes all the distinction, and the axiom is thus good for nothing. We should have been better satisfied if the paragraph about the Trinity, c. III. had been omitted; and that the author had not coined such words as *policier* quasi politician, nor such phrases as *muscularity of mind*.

But we will not leave him in finding fault. It is more justly his due, and more pleasing to us to say, that much sound reasoning and considerable amusement will reward the readers of this Volume; to which are added some critical remarks on Don Juan, and the Conflagration of Moscow, a poem which was noticed as early as the 8th Number of the *Literary Gazette*.

MEMOIRS OF ARTEMIS.

Pursuing his journey along the southern parts of the mighty Ararat, our amusing biographer continues to present us with living pictures of the natives, and remarkable particulars of local habits, scenery, traditions, and superstitions. His account of the tribe of Jasites is very curious:

"We had proceeded (says he) a few leagues farther, when I was induced to comply with the urgent solicitation of a man from Ascharak, and to drop behind the caravan, because his horse, being heavily laden with wine, could not keep up with the others. I therefore sent my patient forward with the caravan, while we stopped above three hours in a place not far distant from the uninhabited village of Karabasar, on the site of which there stood in ancient times a large city. It

is also related, that there was formerly to be seen at this place a river which has long been covered with earth; and this account is not improbable, for I myself heard distinctly the noise of water running underground. After dark we arrived at the village of Gara-Bulach, or black spring, where we overtook our caravan, and passed the night with it. This village is situated at the extremity of the eminences over which we had to travel, and belongs to the district of Baiait, in the province of Kurdistan. Their inhabitants, the Jasites, are a wandering tribe. In summer they rove about on the mountains, and in winter return to their village, which is their principal station, probably on account of the extraordinary excellence of the water of the Gara-Bulach, or the black spring. The Jasites are not Mahometans, nor is it known precisely what religion they profess. They speak Turkish, but have another language known only to their own tribe. They have no written characters, but have a particular class, consisting of scholars, who transmit their learning as a secret from father to son, each father revealing it to that son whom he deems the most worthy. They have many other singular customs that deserve to be mentioned. In taking an oath, and in many other cases, they cross themselves like the Christians, but with this difference, that they fold their hands, raising only the middle fingers, which they place one against the other, and in this manner make the sign of the cross. When they drink red wine they lift it up with both hands, asserting that this wine is the blood of Christ, and if a drop of this blood happens to fall upon the ground they lick the spot with their tongues. They are remarkably hospitable. Any Jasite would rather sacrifice himself and his family, than betray his guest or suffer any harm to befall him while he remains in his house. They are strictly forbidden to inveigh against the devil, and would perhaps almost put to death any one who should transgress in this particular; for, they say, the devil was once the next in rank to God; he was punished by him for his sin, expelled from heaven, and deprived of his angelic form; and, for aught we know, God may yet forgive him and restore him to his former dignity. Were you to draw a circle round a Jasite, whether sitting or standing, he would probably continue in the same posture without stirring till he died, unless you erased the circle, which, when any one has thus fixed him, he earnestly begs you to do. The origin and tendency of this practice are secrets known to themselves alone. They weep and lament over the dead forty days, sitting almost night and day for that period in the church-yard: nay, it is a fact, that some of them have abstained from food so long as to become quite emaciated, and to expire on the grave. What I have here said concerning the Jasites is universally known in our country, and I have myself witnessed and verified all these particulars. I have heard, moreover, that the Jasites, in commemoration of the three days passed by the people of Nineveh, after Jonah's denunciation, in imploring the Almighty to forgive their sins and to deliver them from the destruction which impended over their heads for their wickedness, in like manner devote three days every year to profound penance, sitting in their houses, and not only abstaining from every kind of food themselves, but even denying suck to their

infants and food to their cattle during that time. We passed the night at Gara-Bulach, and in the evening of the next day arrived at Baiait. The country between those two places is a *steppe* almost entirely covered with swamps and tall reeds. Baiait itself is situated on a lofty mountain, and from the north side, by which we entered, it seemed to be built one house upon another, for we could see nearly all of them, down to their foundations. Owing to this position of the town, it sometimes happens, that, after falls of rain, which are frequent and very heavy, the pedestrian is carried away, in spite of his teeth, by the torrent. The sun is not visible here but at noon; for both on the east and west the place is surrounded by hills, which intercept the rays of that luminary. . . .

"Baiait is chiefly inhabited by Armenians, and contains four churches, one of which is very large. The same morning my host conducted me to the *sarai* or palace of the pacha, and there showed me the leaden box in which the head of our bishop is deposited, and on which, from the time of his death, a lamp is kept burning at night at the expense of the pacha.

"About noon it so happened that I witnessed the melancholy end of Manuk Aga, one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town. The cause was as follows:—The pacha's son wished to buy a large *feh*,* but would not give the price demanded. Manuk Aga gave for it just the sum required as the lowest price by the seller of the son of the pacha. The latter, highly affronted, preferred his complaint to his father, who, deeming it perfectly just, ordered Manuk Aga to be hanged for the alleged insult to his son, which sentence was accordingly executed before my face. The more I pitied the fate of this man, the more anxious I was to quit Baiait; but I was desirous of first taking a nearer view of the pacha's palace, because from the road it had the appearance of a very fine edifice. It was built of black and white marble, cut into blocks about the size of our bricks. Instead of mortar they were cemented with lead, and secured besides with small iron cramps. The marble ready wrought, and likewise the lead and iron, were brought from Erzerum, which is about six days' journey from Baiait. This palace was built in the style of a castle or fortress, and encompassed with a wall of marble. Upon the whole, the edifice was not large, though I was informed that it had then been sixteen years in building."

Armenia appears still to be the soil of priest-craft and imposture: what Christendom was in the darkest ages. A remarkable story of a female martyr follows what we have just quoted, but is too long to be copied, though it relates the adventures and cruel death of the greatest beauty in Baiait,

... "Where the women are remarkable for personal charms, and especially for the delicacy of their complexion, which is to be ascribed to the water of the spring there, called Ag-Bulach, or white spring."

The next excursion of the author was to visit his brother at Egward; and as he never fails to pick up something worthy of record on his travels, we find that near that place he "observed by the road-side a number of sepulchral monuments, about nine *archines*

* An under or skullcap, commonly worn by the Asiatics. These caps are of two kinds; some being small and round, and others having a broad brim, which latter are in general very dear.

Author.

in height.* I immediately (he continues) requested a young fellow-traveller to accompany me, and we went together to inspect these monuments. They are the remains of an ancient cemetery, called Oqus, that is, giant, or the place of giants. It is said, that at a very remote period this was the site of a large city. All the tombs are of extraordinary dimensions: one of them, which was somewhat decayed, measured two fathoms in length. My companion shewed me the bones of the person interred in it: the lower part of the arm from the fingers to the elbow was upwards of a Persian *arschine* long, and this is about a third longer than the European, for seventy Persian *archines* make one hundred European. The bone of the leg from the ankle to the knee reached up to my waist: hence some idea may be formed of the size of the whole body. I stood motionless for some time contemplating these perishable relics of the strength and vigour of past ages; and my mind was filled with painful emotions. Absorbed in meditations on the transitory nature of every thing under heaven, and on the nothingness of human power and pride, I finished my journey, and arrived at the house of my brother, who was very glad to see me. . . . In the environs of Egward there grows a species of corn, the like to which is not to be seen in the whole country: it is not surpassed in whiteness by snow itself."

Residing at Wagarschapat for some months longer, we are entertained with the quarrels between his mother and sister-in-law, upon which Artemi, in the bitterness of his soul, observes:

"I had frequently read, heard, and even myself observed, that a hundred men may live together without differing, but if there are only two women in a house it is in vain to expect harmony: now I was destined to have this truth confirmed by painful experience in the bosom of my own family."

His efforts to reconcile these jarring interests are not only unavailing, but draw down upon him the retort, that he was more closely attached to his brother's wife than brotherly love warranted. To get out of the way, he engages in the service of Bishop Sagak, of the convent of St. Ripsima, who treats him with the utmost liberality and kindness; but from whom he nevertheless (as he tells us with much simplicity) stole a valuable ring, and luckily escaped detection by replacing it in time.

"My benefactor (says he) placed far too much confidence in me to believe the charge, and was extremely angry with them for inventing such a groundless accusation: at length, however, he ordered me to bring his jewel-box, and when he found the ring safe in it he was perfectly convinced of my innocence. For my part, I heartily thanked God for having turned away from me so deep a disgrace. My own conscience, nevertheless, reproached me long and severely for this crime, and I confessed it to the former archbishop of Russia, the present patriarch Jephrem. Thus did I continue to enjoy the favours of my excellent employer, who supplied me liberally with money, while I in return served him with the utmost zeal and assiduity."

In 1795, Artemi passed into the employment of another priest for protection against his townspeople, who seem to have held him

* An *arschine* is two feet four inches.

(it is not very clear why) in immitigable abhorrence; of this the following is an instance:—

"I was one day passing the convent of Etchmiazyn. The former director of our town was dead, and his successor was unluckily sitting with some of the inhabitants of the place before the gate of the convent. He inquired who I was; and they told him I was the son of a poor widow, but had been in Sagak's service for some time before his death. They were not long in coming to the conclusion that I had robbed him, and was now showing off at his expense. Regardless of the well-known fact that Sagak had shown me many favours, that he took a pride in clothing me in the best manner, and that all I had was his gift, they ran up, seized me, and dragged me before the director. By his command I was bound to a chain stretched across the gateway, and beaten with sticks on the soles of the feet, the director at the same time admonishing me to confess all the thefts I had committed. I called the whole town to witness that Sagak himself had given me whatever was necessary; but the rapacious monk would not listen to this, being only desirous to ascertain whether I had any thing that he should like to possess, which, in that case, he would doubtless have taken from me. I endured my sufferings with the fortitude inspired by the prophetic prediction of my excellent patron. Nevertheless, according to their laudable custom, they did not cease to beat me till my voice failed. Somewhat satisfied for the present with my torments, the monk said he would give me three days to recover myself, but on the fourth I must come to him to the convent to be a mental servant there; and if I did not obey, he would order me to be beaten to death in the town. While they were thus maltreating me, my sister's husband came up, and as soon as I was unbound, he took me on his back and carried me home, where I arrived more dead than alive. I was obliged to keep my bed for a fortnight. One day, my teacher and some of my former schoolfellows being with me, they unanimously advised me rather to remove to some other country, than to expose myself to the repetition of such outrages. I was more deeply sensible of this necessity than any of them, but, from an extraordinary innate curiosity, I was reluctant to quit my native land till I had seen the antiquities of which I had heard so much."

He accordingly visits Karpi, the ruins of the ancient capital of Armenia, seated on the elevated bank of a river of the same name. The whole surrounding country is now a desert partitioned between robbers and beasts of prey, but still studded with a number of fruit trees.

About six wersts from Karpi, at Ashtarak on Mount Arakat, there is one convent (among the many), called by the Persians

"Mogni, probably from the ancient name of the place. Here are preserved the remains of the blessed martyr St. George, which are deposited in the wall between the altar and the closet in which the sacred vestments are kept. It is frequented by Christians, and still more by Persians, who resort hither to pay homage to the sacred relics, and thus to obtain a cure for a disease which is met with in Persia alone, and is, as it were, endemic in that climate. This disease consists in an extraordinary inflammation of the face, accompanied by swelling, and large red tu-

mours resembling those of proud flesh. The Persians on this occasion always bring with them offerings of various clean animals, which are slaughtered in the court-yard of the convent, and distributed among the poor. Every one who prays fervently and with faith, whether Christian or Persian, is very speedily delivered from the above-mentioned disease."

Artemi had the good luck to be appointed steward to the bishop of this miraculous resort, and seems to have had no occasion for the advice given to Alexander in Dryden's Ode,—

"Seize the good, the Gods provide thee."

"Such as come (says he) to pray over the sacred relics, likewise make offerings of money, and the sums thence arising passed unchecked into my hands. I could set down what receipts I pleased, and hence I never gave the bishop the full amount, but made a handsome deduction, which I gave secretly to the poor, and especially to those who came from a small village belonging to the convent to solicit alms of the pilgrims: for my own necessities I provided, but with the utmost moderation, out of the remaining part, or personal income of the bishop." 11

The rumour of a war, and that the Shah of Persia was marching against the Chan of Erivan, drove him from this snug birth; and after sundry attempts, on July 15, 1796, he took a characteristic leave of Wagarschapat. He agreed to travel with a Tiflis merchant, and when warned to set out, he tells us—

"I hurried home: luckily my mother was at my sister's, and my brother gone to the convent, so that I found my sister-in-law alone. I told her I was going a journey, and requested her to dress me some victuals to take with me: but she rudely replied, that I was not master of the house, that I had brought nothing in, and therefore had no right to take any thing out. Incensed at this treatment, I gave her a sound drubbing, by way of farewell, and helped myself to bread and cheese and three fowls, which I got a female neighbour to dress for me. Thus, in my twentieth year, did I quit Wagarschapat for ever."

Napoleon in Exile, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

By Barry O'Meara.

(Continued.)

THE Invasion of England was no mere demonstration, or brutum fulmen, according to O'Meara's testimony:

I asked Napoleon (he tells us) if he had really intended to invade England, and if so, what were his plans? He replied, "I would have headed it myself. I had given orders for two fleets to proceed to the West Indies. Instead of remaining there, they were merely to shew themselves amongst the islands, and return directly to Europe, raise the blockade of Ferrol, take the ships out, proceed to Brest, where there were about forty sail of the line, unite and sail to the Channel, where they would not have met with any thing strong enough to engage them, and clear it of all English men-of-war. By false intelligence, adroitly managed, I calculated that you would have sent squadrons to the East and West Indies and Mediterranean in search of my fleets. Before they could return, I would have had the command of the Channel for two months, as I should have had about seventy sail of the line, besides frigates. I would have hastened over my flotilla with two hundred thousand men, landed as near Chat-

ham as possible, and proceeded direct to London, where I calculated to arrive in four days from the time of my landing. I would have proclaimed a republic (I was first consul then,) the abolition of the nobility and house of peers, the distribution of the property of such of the latter as opposed me amongst my partisans, liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the people. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain; but would have introduced a great reform. I would have published a proclamation, declaring that we came as friends to the English, and to free the nation from a corrupt and flagitious aristocracy, and restore a popular form of government, a democracy, which would have been confirmed by the conduct of my army, as I would not have allowed the slightest outrage to be committed by my troops. Marauding, or ill-treating the inhabitants, or the most trifling infringement of my orders, I would have punished with instant death. I think," continued he, "that with my promises, together with what I would actually have effected, I should have had the support of a great many. In a large city like London, where there are so many *canaille* and so many disaffected, I should have been joined by a formidable body. I would at the same time have excited an insurrection in Ireland." I observed that his army would have been destroyed piece-meal, that he would have had a million of men in arms against him in a short time; and, moreover, that the English would have burnt London, rather than have suffered it to fall into his hands. "No, no," said Napoleon, "I do not believe it. You are too rich and too fond of money. A nation will not so readily burn its capital. How often have the Parisians sworn to bury themselves under the ruins of their capital, rather than suffer it to fall into the hands of the enemies of France, and yet twice it has been taken. There is no knowing what would have happened, Mr. Doctor. Neither Pitt, nor you, nor I, could have foretold what would have been the result. The hope of a change for the better, and of a division of property, would have operated wonderfully amongst the *canaille*, especially that of London. The *canaille* of all rich nations are nearly alike. I would have made such promises as would have had a great effect. What resistance could an undisciplined army make against mine in a country like England, abounding in plains? I considered all you have said; but I calculated on the effect that would be produced by the possession of a great and rich capital, the bank, and all your riches, the ships in the river, and at Chatham. I expected that I should have had the command of the Channel for two months, by which I should have had supplies of troops; and when your fleet came back, they would have found their capital in the hands of an enemy, and their country overwhelmed by my armies. I would have abolished flogging, and promised your seamen every thing; which would have made a great impression upon their minds. The proclamations stating that we came only as friends, to relieve the English from an obnoxious and despotic aristocracy, whose object was to keep the nation eternally at war, in order to enrich themselves and their families with the blood of the people, together with the proclaiming a republic, the abolition of the monarchical government, and the nobility; the declaration of the forfeiture of the property of the latter, and its

division amongst the partisans of the revolution, with a general equalization of property, would have gained me the support of the *canaille* and of all the idle, the profligate, and the dissatisfied in the kingdom." -----

And again: "Had I succeeded in effecting a landing," said he, "I have very little doubt that I should have accomplished my views. Three thousand boats, each to carry twenty men and one horse, with a proportion of artillery, were ready. Your fleet having been decoyed away, as I before explained to you, would have left me master of the Channel. Without this, I would not have made the attempt. Four days would have brought me to London. In a country like England, abounding in plains, defence is very difficult. I have no doubt that your troops would have done their duty, but one battle lost, the capital would have been in my power. You could not have collected a force sufficiently strong to beat me in a pitched battle. Your ideas of burning and destroying the towns, and the capital itself, are very plausible in argument, but impracticable in their accomplishment. You would have fought a battle and lost it. 'Well then,' you would say, 'we have been beaten, but we have not lost our honour. We shall now endeavour de tirer la meilleure partie from our misfortune. We must make terms.' I would have offered you a constitution of your own choice, and have said, 'Assemble in London deputies from the people to fix upon a constitution.' I would have called upon Burdett and other popular leaders to organize one according to the wishes of the people. I would have declared the *** fallen from the ***, abolished the nobility, proclaimed liberty, freedom, and equality. Think you, that in order to keep the house of *** on the *** your rich citizens, merchants, and others of London, would have consented to sacrifice their riches, their houses, their families, and all their dearest interests, especially when I had made them comprehend that I only came to **** away, and to give them liberty? No, it is contrary to history and to human nature. You are too rich. Your principal people have too much to lose by resistance, and your *canaille* too much to gain by a change. If, indeed, they supposed that I wanted to render England a province of France, then indeed *l'esprit national* would do wonders. But I would have formed a republic according to your own wishes, required a moderate contribution, barely sufficient to have paid the troops, and perhaps not even that. Your *canaille* would have been for me, knowing *que je suis l'homme du peuple, que je sors de la canaille moi-même*, (that I am the man of the people, that I spring from the populace myself,) and that whenever a man had merit or talent, I elevated him without asking how many degrees of nobility he had; knowing, that by joining me, they would be relieved from the yoke of the aristocracy under which they labour." -----

From these pretty plans it was well for us the ambitious tyrant was diverted, by his more pressing wars and by business at home. Among the latter, the conspiracies against him may be classed. O'Meara says:

Informed him, that I had got a book containing an account of a society named "Philadelphia," which had been formed against him, and expressed my surprise that he had never fallen by the hands of some conspirators. He replied, "No person knew five minutes before I put it into execution, that I

intended to go out, or where I should go. For this reason the conspirators were baffled, as they did not know where to lay the scene of their enterprise. Shortly after I was made consul, there was a conspiracy formed against me by about fifty persons, the greatest number of whom had once been very much attached to me, and consisted of officers of the army, men of science, painters, and sculptors. They were all stern republicans, their minds were heated; each fancied himself a Brutus, and me a tyrant and another Cæsar. Amongst them was Arena, a countryman of mine, a republican, and a man who had been much attached to me before; but thinking me a tyrant, he determined to get rid of me, imagining that by doing so, he should render a service to France. There was also one Ceraachi, another Corsican, and a famous sculptor, who, when I was at Milan, had made a statue of me. He too had been greatly attached to me, but being a fanatical republican, determined to kill me, for which purpose he came to Paris, and begged to have the honour of making another statue for me, alleging, that the first was not sufficiently well executed for so great a man. Though I then knew nothing of the conspiracy which had been formed, I refused to give my consent, as I did not like the trouble of sitting for two or three hours in the same posture for some days, especially as I had sat before to him. This saved my life, his intention being to poniard me whilst I was sitting. In the mean time, they had arranged their plans. Amongst them, there was a captain, who had been a great admirer of me. This man agreed with the rest, that it was necessary to overturn the tyrant, but he would not consent that I should be killed, though he strenuously joined in every thing else. All the others, however, differed with him in opinion, and insisted that it was absolutely necessary to dispatch me, as the only means of preventing France from being enslaved. That while I lived, there would be no chance of freedom. This captain, finding that they were determined to shed my blood, notwithstanding all his arguments and intreaties, gave information of their names and plans. They were to assassinate me on the first night that I went to the theatre, in the passage as I was returning. Every thing was arranged with the police—I went the same evening to the theatre, and actually passed through the conspirators; some of whom I knew by person, and who were armed with poniards under their cloaks, in order to dispatch me when I was going out. Shortly after my arrival, the police seized them all. They were searched, and the poniards found upon them. In France, a person cannot be found guilty of a conspiracy to murder, unless the instruments of death are found upon him. They were afterwards tried, and some executed."

I asked some questions about the Infernal Machine transaction. Napoleon replied in the following manner:—"It was about Christmas time, and great festivities were going on. I was much pressed to go to the opera. I had been greatly occupied with business all the day, and in the evening found myself sleepy and tired. I threw myself on a sofa in my wife's saloon, and fell asleep. Josephine came down some time after, awoke me, and insisted that I should go to the theatre. She was an excellent woman, and wished me to do every thing to

ingratiate myself with the people. You know that when women take a thing into their heads, they will go through with it, and you must gratify them. Well, I got up, much against my inclination, and went in my carriage, accompanied by Lasnes and Bessières. I was so drowsy that I fell asleep in the coach. I was asleep when the explosion took place, and I recollect, when I awoke, experiencing a sensation as if the vehicle had been raised up, and was passing through a great body of water. The contrivers of this, were a man named St. Regent, Imolan, a religious man, who has since gone to America and turned priest, and some others. They got a cart, and a barrel resembling that with which water is supplied through the streets of Paris, with this exception, that the barrel was put crosswise. This he had filled with gunpowder, and placed it and himself nearly in the turning of the street through which I was to pass. What saved me was, that my wife's carriage was the same in appearance as mine, and there was a guard of fifteen men to each. Imolan did not know which I was in, and indeed was not certain that I should be in either of them. In order to ascertain this, he stepped forward to look into the carriage, and assure himself of my presence. One of my guards, a great tall strong fellow, impatient and angry at seeing a man stopping up the way and staring into the carriage, rode up, and gave him a kick with his great boot, crying, 'Get out of the way, *pékin*,' which knocked him down. Before he could get up, the carriage had passed a little on. Imolan being confused I suppose by his fall, and by his intentions, not perceiving that the carriage had passed, ran to the cart and exploded his machine between the two carriages. It killed the horse of one of my guards and wounded the rider, knocked down several houses, and killed and wounded about forty or fifty *badouins*, who were gazing to see me pass. The police collected together all the remnants of the cart and the machine, and invited all the workmen in Paris to come and look at them. The pieces were recognized by several. One said, I made this, another that, and all agreed that they had sold them to two men, who by their accent were *Bas Bretons*; but nothing more could be ascertained. Shortly after, the hackney coachmen and others of that description gave a great dinner in the Champs Elysées to Cesar, my coachman, thinking that he had saved my life by his skill and activity at the moment of the explosion, which was not the case, for he was drunk at the time. It was the guardsman who saved it by knocking the fellow down. Possibly, my coachman may have assisted by driving furiously round the corner, as he was drunk and not afraid of any thing. He was so far gone, that he thought the report of the explosion was that of a salute fired in honour of my visit to the theatre. At this dinner, they all took their bottle freely, and drank to Cesar's health. One of them, when he was drunk, said, 'Cesar, I know the men who tried to blow the first consul up the other day. In such a street and such a house (naming them) I saw on that day a cart like a water-cart coming out of a passage, which attracted my attention, as I never had seen one there before. I observed the men and the horse, and should know them again.' The minister of police was sent for, he was interrogated, and brought them to

the house which he had mentioned, where they found the measure with which the conspirators had put the powder into the barrel, with some of the powder still adhering to it. A little also was found scattered about. The master of the house, on being questioned, said that there had been people there for some time, whom he took to be smugglers; that on the day in question they had gone out with the cart, which he supposed to contain a loading of smuggled goods. He added, that they were *Bas Brétions*, and that one of them had the appearance of being master over the other two. Having now a description of their persons, every search was made for them, and St. Regent and Carbon were taken, tried, and executed. It was a singular circumstance that an inspector of police had noticed the cart standing at the corner of the street for a long time, and had ordered the person who was with it to drive it away; but he made some excuse, and said that there was plenty of room, and the other seeing what he thought to be a water-cart, with a miserable horse, not worth twenty francs, did not suspect any mischief."

(To be continued.)

BURCKHARDT'S TRAVELS.

HAVING in six preceding Numbers done justice to this work; at least to all its interesting parts, we shall now draw our analysis to a close. We have turned back from Akaba, and related the adventure which induced the traveller to abandon his original design, and return to the convent of Sinai, by skirting the shores of the Gulf of Akaba and the Red Sea towards the South. The following is a poetical fiction.

The date trees of Noweyba belong to the tribe of Mezeine; here were several huts built of stones and branches of the trees, in which the owners live with their families during the date-harvest. The narrow plain which rises here from the sea to the mountain, is covered with sand and loose stones. Ayd told me that in summer, when the wind is strong, a hollow sound is sometimes heard here, as if coming from the upper country; the Arabs say that the spirit of Moses then descends from Mount Sinai, and in flying across the sea bids a farewell to his beloved mountains.

Red coral is very common on this part of the coast. In the evening I saw a great number of shell-fish leave the water, and crawl to one hundred or two hundred paces inland, where they passed the night, and at sun-rise returned to the sea.

Burckhardt had recourse to many expedients to take notes without letting his jealous Arabs see that he was writing. One evening (he relates)

Having many observations to note, I remained so long absent from my companions that Ayd's curiosity was roused. He came to look after me, and perceiving me immovable on the spot, approached on tip-toe, and came close behind me without my perceiving him. I do not know how long he had remained there, but suddenly lifting up my cloak, he detected me with the book in my hand. "What is this?" he exclaimed. "What are you doing? I shall not make you answerable for it at present, because I am your companion; but I shall talk further to you about it when we are at the convent." I

made no answer, till we returned to the halting-place, when I requested him to tell me what further he had to say. "You write down our country," he replied, in a passionate tone, "our mountains, our pasturing places, and the rain which falls from heaven; other people have done this before you, but I at least will never become instrumental to the ruin of my country." I assured him that I had no bad intentions towards the Bedouins, and told him he must be convinced that I liked them too well for that; "on the contrary," I added, "had I not occasionally written down some prayers ever since we left Tabá, we should most certainly have been all killed; and it is very wrong in you to accuse me of that, which, if I had omitted, would have cost us our lives." He was startled at this reply, and seemed nearly satisfied. "Perhaps you say the truth," he observed; "but we all know that some years since several men, God knows who they were, came to this country, visited the mountains, wrote down every thing, stones, plants, animals, even serpents and spiders, and since then little rain has fallen, and the game has greatly decreased." The same opinions prevail in these mountains, which I have already mentioned to be current among the Bedouins of Nubia: they believe that a sorcerer, by writing down certain charms, can stop the rains and transfer them to his own country. The travellers to whom Ayd alluded were M. Seetzen, who visited Mount Sinai eight years since, and M. Agnelli, who ten years ago travelled for the Emperor of Austria, collecting specimens of natural history, and who made some stay at Tor, from whence he sent Arabs to hunt for all kinds of animals. - -

I had much difficulty in soothing Ayd; he remained quiet during the rest of the journey, but after our return to the convent, the report spread among the Arabs that I was a writer like those who had preceded me, and I thus completely lost their confidence.

On this coast we bought (says our authority) for thirty-two paras, or about four-pence halfpenny, thirty-two salted fish, each about two feet in length, and a measure of the dried shell-fish, *Zorombat*, which in this state the Arabs call *Bussra*. For the smaller kinds of fish the fishermen use hand-nets, which they throw into the sea from the shore; the larger species they kill with lances, one of which Ayd carried constantly with him as a weapon; there is not a single boat nor even a raft to be found on the whole of this coast, but the Bedouins of the eastern coast have a few boats, which may sometimes be seen in the gulf. We saw here a great number of porpoises playing in the water close to the shore. I wished to shoot at one of them, but was prevented by my companions, who said that it was unlawful to kill them, as they are the friends of man, and never hurt any body. I saw parts of the skin of a large fish, killed on the coast, which was an inch in thickness, and is employed by these Arabs instead of leather for sandals. - - -

The Bedouins talk much of a beast of prey called *Wober*, which inhabits the most retired parts only of the peninsula; they described it as being of the size of a large dog, with a pointed head like a hog. I heard also of another voracious animal, called *Shyb*, stated to be a breed between the leopard and the wolf. Of its existence little doubt can be entertained, though its pretended origin is probably fabulous, for the Arabs, and especially the Bedouins, are in the common

practice of assigning to every animal that is seldom met with, parents of two different species of known animals. On the coast, and in the lower valleys, a kind of large lizard is seen, called *Dhob*, which has a scaly skin of a yellow colour; the largest are about eighteen inches in length, of which the tail measures about one-half. The *Dhob* is very common in the Arabian deserts, where the Arabs form tobacco purses of its skin. It lives in holes in the sand, which have generally two openings; it runs fast, but a dog easily catches it. Of birds I saw red-legged partridges in great numbers, pigeons, the *Katta*, but not in such large flocks as I have seen them in Syria, and the eagle *Rakham*. The Bedouins also mentioned an eagle whose outspread wings measure six feet across, and which carries off lambs.

On reaching Sinai, Burckhardt discharged his guides, giving 20 dollars to Hamd, which sum, with two camels, he had to pay as the price of the blood of the Omran robber, whom he stabbed in the encounter among the hills. Sinai has been so frequently described (in the Literary Gazette we have copied the accounts of preceding visitors) that we shall not enter upon Mr. Burckhardt's sketch of the convent.

The monks (reduced to 23 in number) have (says Mr. B.) a good library, but it is always shut up; it contains about fifteen hundred Greek volumes, and seven hundred Arabic manuscripts; the latter, which I examined volume after volume, consist entirely of books of prayer, copies of the Gospels, lives of saints, liturgies, &c.; a thick folio volume of the works of Lokman, edited, according to the Arab tradition, by Hormus, the ancient king of Egypt, was the only one worth attention. - - - The prior would not permit it to be taken away, but he made me a present of a fine copy of the *Aldine Odyssey*, and an equally fine one of the *Anthology*. In the room anciently the residence of the Archbishop, which is very elegantly paved with marble, and extremely well furnished, though at present unoccupied, is preserved a beautiful ancient manuscript of the Gospels in Greek, which, I was told, was given to the convent by "an emperor called Theodosius." It is written in letters of gold upon vellum, and ornamented with portraits of the Apostles."

The Bedouins who occupy the peninsula of Mount Sinai are the *Sowaleha*, (several branches,) the *Aleygat* (a tribe of whom is found in Nubia,) the *Mezeine*, the *Outad Soileman*, and the *Beni Wazel* (said to be from Barbary:) these five tribes constitute the *Towara*, or Bedouins of Tor. On the northern parts are the *Heytat*, the *Tyaha* and the *Terabein*; and the whole population, south of a line from Akaba to Suez is estimated at 4000; and even these can hardly find pasturage for their cattle.

All the tribes of the *Towara* complain of the sterility of their wives; and though the Bedouin women in general are less fruitful than the stationary Arabs, the *Towara* are even below the other Bedouins in this respect, three children being a large family among them.

To the true Bedouin tribes above enumerated are to be added the *adwae* called *Djebalye*, or the mountaineers. When Justinian built the convent, he sent a party of slaves, originally from the shores of the Black sea, as menial servants to the priests. These

people came here with their wives, and were settled by the convent as guardians of the orchards and date plantations throughout the peninsula. Subsequently, when the Bedouins deprived the convent of many of its possessions, these slaves turned Moslems, and adopted the habits of Bedouins. Their descendants are the present Djebalye, who unanimously confess their descent from the Christian slaves, whence they are often called by the other Bedouins "the children of Christians." They are not to be distinguished, however, in features or manners, from other Bedouins, and they are now considered a branch of the Towara, although the latter still maintain the distinction, never giving their daughters in marriage to the Djebalye, nor taking any of theirs; thus the Djebalye intermarry only among themselves, and form a separate community of about one hundred and twenty armed men. They are a very robust and hardy race, and their girls have the reputation of superior beauty over all others of the peninsula, a circumstance which often gives rise to unhappy attachments, and romantic love-tales, when their lovers happen to belong to other tribes. The Djebalye still remain the servants of the convent; parties of three attend in it by turns, and are the only Bedouins who are permitted to enter within the walls; but they are never allowed to sleep in the house, and pass the night in the garden. They provide fire-wood, collect dried herbage for the mule which turns the mill, bring milk, eggs, &c. and receive all the offals of the kitchen. Some of them encamp as Bedouins in the mountains surrounding the peaks of Moses and St. Catherine, but the greater part are settled in the gardens belonging to the convent, in those mountains. They engage to deliver one-half the fruit to the convent, but as these gardens produce the finest fruit in the peninsula, they are so beset by Bedouin guests at the time of gathering, that the convent's share is usually consumed in hospitality. - The monks (adds our author) told me that in the last century there still remained several families of Christian Bedouins who had not embraced Islamism; and that the last individual of this description, an old woman, died in 1750, and was buried in the garden of the convent. In this garden is the burial-ground of the monks, and in several adjoining vaulted chambers their remains are collected after the bodies have lain two years in the coffins underground. High piles of hands, shin-bones, and skulls are placed separately in the different corners of these chambers, which the monks are with difficulty persuaded to open to strangers. In a row of wooden chests are deposited the bones of the Archbishops of the convent, which are regularly sent hither, wherever the Archbishops may die. In another small chest are shewn the skulls and some of the bones of two "Indian princes," who are said to have been shipwrecked on the coast of Tor, and having repaired to the convent, to have lived for many years as hermits in two small adjoining caves upon the mountain of Moses. In order to remain inseparable in this world, they bound two of their legs together with an iron chain, part of which, with a small piece of a coat of mail, which they wore under their cloaks, is still preserved. No one could tell me their names, nor the period at which they resided here.

We must, we find, still defer a couple of columns to our next Gazette.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul in Kamtschatka, 30th Nov. 1821.

On the 8th of September, the *Discovery* (Otkriliye,) and on the 21st the *Good Intent* (Blagonamerenniy,) under the command of Capt. Lieutenant Wassiliw, of the Navy, arrived here from Cronstadt. From Ocholzka, on the 14th September, the *Michael* transport; on the 2d October the *Dionis* ditto; and the *San Pedro*, a vessel belonging to Counsellor Dobel.

The 6th of October, being the anniversary of the day on which, a century ago, the Regulations for the Navy were issued by Peter the Great, was observed with great solemnity by direction of the Governor of Kamtschatka and Capt. Wassiliw. A vessel adorned with flags was stationed in the middle of the harbour, to which the Commander of the frigates, with ten Officers, repaired in the boats, and the Clergy proceeded from the shore with images of the Saints and the church flags. When they reached the vessel, the Governor of Kamtschatka presented to the senior of the Clergy the "Regulations for the Navy," and requested him to sing a hymn of thanksgiving. When it was concluded, a salute was fired by the two frigates and the other vessels. The Governor afterwards gave a dinner, at which the health of his Majesty the Emperor and the Imperial Family was drunk, while all the vessels in the harbour fired a salute. The whole ended with an elegant masquerade in the house of the Governor. The vessel in the harbour was illuminated in the evening, and the Cipher of the Emperor Alexander I. appeared in a splendid transparency. The following day 1500 rubles were subscribed towards a marble Monument in memory of the illustrious navigator, VITUS BERING, which is to be erected in Kamtschatka. The monument will be made at Macao, and is to be set up next autumn.

The two sloops, *Discovery* and *Good Intent*, sailed again on the 16th of October. While they were in the harbour there were several fêtes, the most distinguished of which was that given on the 12th of October, in honour of the well-known English traveller, Captain Cochrane. This celebrated pedestrian intends to pass the winter here.

We have had a visit from a vessel of the Sandwich Islands, which sailed again on the 18th of September. The name of this vessel is *Haiderno*, that is, Long Neck. On the 16th September the Governor of Kamtschatka paid a visit on board this vessel, in company with the Officers. He was handsomely entertained by the Captain, by the special command of the King of the Sandwich Islands. When the vessel departed, she fired a salute with all her guns, which are well served by the Islanders. The Governor sent to the King a male and female rein-deer and a young bear, as a present; and gave the Captain a cow, in return for some goats which he had brought with him for his own flock. The sailors

of this vessel, who were all Islanders, soon made themselves acquainted with the inhabitants of this place. They were particularly liked by the Kamtschadales. They appeared to be always cheerful, singing on board their vessel by night as well as by day. On Sundays they came to the churches, and our Divine Service drew their attention in a high degree. On leaving church, they always went to the house of the Governor, when a glass of brandy was given them. Their mode of salutation on meeting and taking leave, was to pronounce in a loud voice, the word "Arocha!" They wore various kinds of clothing; one a sailor's jacket, another a frock, a third a silk dress, &c. Some had shoes, but no stockings; the greater part, however, went barefoot.

The *San Pedro*, belonging to Counsellor Dobel, sailed on the 4th November for Macao. It is manned by Portuguese sailors. These men went to church every Sunday. Two of our clergy, Messrs. Siräpov and Sarin, read the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles to them in the Latin language.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

APPLICATION OF MACHINERY TO THE CALCULATING AND PRINTING OF MATHEMATICAL TABLES.

A very eminent Mathematician, CHARLES BABBAGE, Esq. F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, &c. in a letter addressed to Sir Humphry Davy, President of the Royal Society of London, has announced to the world that he has invented various machines by which some of the more complicated processes of Arithmetical calculation may be performed with certainty and despatch; so that if the sanguine expectations of the ingenious inventor shall be completely realized, the Mathematician may in many cases be relieved from the dull drudgery of arithmetical computation, and tables of almost every kind may be constructed with a facility and accuracy hitherto unknown, by a process purely mechanical.

Mathematicians are well aware that tables of every kind may now be constructed by the aid of one of the finest inventions of modern analysis, the theory of finite differences. It is in this way that Mr. Babbage proposes to apply his machines to the purpose of calculation. He states that his first engine is capable of computing any table by the aid of differences, whether they are positive or negative, or of both kinds; and that with perfect confidence he would venture to construct an engine that should compute numbers depending on ten or twelve successive orders of differences. It is a remarkable property of the machine, that the greater the number of differences the more it will outstrip the most rapid calculator. This machine, by the application of certain parts, may be employed in extracting the roots of equations, and the degree of approximation will depend on its magnitude.

Mr. Babbage has sketches of two other machines, one by which the product of any

number by any other number may be found; and another, by which all prime numbers from 0 to ten millions may be determined. He has also a fourth machine, whose plans are in a more advanced state, by which tables having no order of differences constant may be constructed. This last is immediately applicable to the construction of Logarithmic and Astronomical tables of every kind; and in order to avoid the errors which might be produced in copying and printing the numbers in the common way, the ingenious inventor states, that he has contrived means by which the machines shall take, from several boxes containing type, the numbers which they calculate, and place them side by side; thus becoming at once a substitute for the computer and the compositor.

In order to demonstrate the practicability of executing these views, Mr. Babbage has actually constructed a machine which will produce any tables where second differences are constant, and has exhibited it to some friends, who have witnessed its performance. In the computation of a series of numbers from the formula $x^2 + x + 41$, they were at first produced rather slower than they could be taken down by a person that undertook to write the numbers as they appeared, but as soon as four figures were required, the machine was at least equal in speed to the writer.

We understand that the Board of Admiralty has sent an able Astronomer to the Island of Madeira, to determine its exact longitude by a series of Astronomical observations to be carried on there and in this country at the same time. When this is accomplished, ships on long voyages may correct their longitude by touching at Madeira, and afterwards proceed with confidence and safety.

AMERICAN ATLAS.

We have before us a folio containing twenty-five specimens of a work publishing under the above title, and in our opinion eminently deserving of notice. The prospectus announces that it is to consist of fifty-three plates, and comprehend an historical, chronological, and geographical Atlas of North and South America, with all their divisions into states and kingdoms, on the plan of Le Sage. Our readers are aware that, even without taking into account the many alterations which modern changes have introduced into these parts of the globe, the British public has hitherto been destitute of any good general work of reference relating to them: a tolerable gazetteer and a few indifferent maps have been all the authorities to which those in want of information could turn. We therefore approve of the design thus far completed; and are persuaded that, when entirely finished, it will present the well-arranged mass of useful intelligence about America, in a convenient compass, which readers of every class desire.

The mode in which the Text is combined with the Maps and tabular representations in these specimens is excellent. They make

chronology and history the companions of geography; and the youth of America has enabled the projectors to form a work far more perfect in this respect than could be devised with regard to an older country. The maps are neatly executed, and the coloured divisions at once new to us and satisfactory. We find the statements in the letter-press moderate and impartial; that is to say, written with an American feeling, without being rendered unworthy of science by the spirit of party and national prejudices. Upon the whole, we think the plan highly deserving of encouragement, and we have directed attention to the work, in the conviction that we are pointing out to such of our readers as it may concern a very important accession to their means of acquiring American information.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Reindeer in Britain.—We have frequently mentioned Mr. Bullock's spirited attempts to introduce the breed of Reindeer into this country; and it affords us much satisfaction to find that the experiment is likely to prove completely successful. A herd of these fine animals are now established in Ireland, on the lands of Sir W. M'Mahon; and in Scotland (on the hills to the West of Edinburgh) the herd brought over by Mr. Bullock, jun. at an earlier period, have not only naturalized on the soil and food,—but the females have produced their young, and are thriving as well as if they were in Norway. We are sorry to learn that, owing to some untoward circumstances, another herd of nearly fifty in number have perished on their landing at Leith.

Wapiti.—The same patriotic individual whose efforts are thus calculated to produce important effects in a national point of view, has also imported some of the Wapiti or gigantic Stag of the Missouri. These creatures are of the size of horses, and can be broken for harness, in which their speed must be prodigious. The pair formerly exhibited in the King's Mews, have propagated their species, in the possession of Lord Glenlyon.

LITERATURE, ETC.

ANCIENT RECORDS.

We observe with pleasure that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has obtained a grant from Parliament for editing a complete set of our ancient National Records. We can hardly say that such a work will be a credit to the country, for we consider the want of it as a disgrace. The whole of the ancient histories, printed and in MSS. already collected by order of Parliament, are reckoned to make about twelve folio volumes, and it is proposed to print one or two volumes yearly, for which purpose 2000*l.* per annum is assigned.

The "Reports from the Commissioners on the public Records, 1800—1810;" "Ireland, 1800—1815," and the plates, in three volumes folio, is a most curious and interesting work; and we trust that the new

undertaking will not be executed in an inferior style. As the public mind has been turned in this direction, we shall take an early opportunity to make our readers acquainted with a book so little known, and of which our library is luckily possessed.

OXFORD.—In the Act, Tuesday, July 2, the number of Regents was, Doctors in Divinity, 5; Doctors in Civil Law, 3; Masters of Arts, 146.—Wednesday, July 3, the Rev. A. Johnson, Wadham College, was admitted Master of Arts; and W. R. Crotch, New College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.—Saturday, July 6, the last day of Act Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Medicine.—Rev. T. Falconer, of Bath, Grand Compounder.

Bachelors in Medicine.—G. Hall, M.A. one of Dr. Radcliffe's Travelling Fellows of University Coll.; F. B. Hawkins, M.A. Exeter Coll.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. H. Cooper, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; H. W. Wilder, Oriel College; Rev. F. Bazett Grant, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Wilkins, (incorporated from Dublin) St. Edmund Hall; C. Griffiths, W. V. Hennah, Exeter College.

The whole number of Degrees in Act Term: D.D. 2; D. Med. 1; B.D. 1; B. Med. 3; M.A. 44; B.A. 69; Matriculations, 72.

July 20.—In a Convocation on Monday last, the Degree of Doctor in Civil Law was conferred by Diploma on his Royal Highness Christian Frederick, Prince of Denmark.

On Thursday His Majesty's Gold and Silver Medals were adjudged at Winchester College as follow:—

ENGLISH VERSE.—*Subjection to Vice is real essential Slavery.*—Mr. Sewell, a Gold Medal.

LATIN PROSE.—*Georgius Quartus Britanniarum Rex coronatus.*—Mr. Smith, a Gold Medal.

Lord Strafford's Speech before Sentence passed upon him by the Lords for Treason.—Mr. Hall, a Silver Medal.

Galgaci Oratio ad Milites.—Mr. Moberly, a Silver Medal.

CAMBRIDGE, July 6.

Doctors in Divinity.—The Rev. Wm. Ainger, Superintendent of the Clerical Institution at St. Bee's in Cumberland, and the Rev. John Jeffery, of St. John's College.

Doctors in Physic.—Cornwallis Hewett, Esq. Downing Professor of Medicine; John Carr Badeley, Esq. of Caius College.

Masters of Arts.—W. H. Roberts, King's College; R. A. Roberts, R. Skinner, C. Smith, F. Bushby, J. Littler, E. Bray, and F. Jefferson, Peter's College; A. Burnaby, R. Formby, B. Hanbury, E. Hamond, Wm. Brougham, Goodeve Harrison, Geo. Jones, Thomas Newman, and J. Macdonald, Jesus College; H. Blades, R. Brandt, M. Vernon, J. Hodgson, W. Fitzhugh, G. Tapps, E. Tunno, G. Parry, H. Southern, R. Dabell, W. Sydney Walker, J. E. Blunt, W. Bradney, J. Pemberton, R. Ward, C. B. Tayler, T. Thorpe, W. Bayne, W. Strickland, W. N. Letsom, Wm. Mansel, G. Strachey, J. Mather, J. Wood, W. Eimsley, T. Ainsworth, S. Lloyd, C. Long, H. Thornton, J. Bradney, C. Kendall, C. Way, J. Athawes, H. Duncomb, Edw. Woodbridge, E. Popple, H. Lloyd, T. Hodgson, W. Totten, H. Hastings, H. H. Harnage, S. Mansel, H. Owen, Wade Brown, J. Egremont, and F. Drewe, Trinity College; J. W. Trevor, H. Jarrett, W. Russell, T. Robertson, G. Cooper, W. Richardson, W. M. Præd, C. Helyar, S. F.

Milford, A. Wale, W. Horton, A. Brown, Cornwalls Smalley, E. Stanley, D. Nihill, H. Boutflower, C. Covey, G. Pease, T. Lumb, J. Newton, E. Bulmer, T. Pearce, C. Heycock, and W. Heberden, St. John's College; H. Hubbard, B. Goe, J. Holroyd, J. Upton, and G. Egremont, Catharine Hall; J. Cape, S. Clissold, J. Kitchener, H. Moore, T. Fawcett, J. Davies, A. Loftus, D. Olivier, and E. Page, Clare Hall; W. Wilkinson, H. Green, G. Gilbert, and G. Kent, Corpus Christi College; J. King, J. Dewe, R. Rabbett, T. Mills, R. Simpson, W. Ward, R. Remington, J. Collinson, W. H. Walker, and T. Champney, Queen's College; E. Ash, A. Fitz-Adam, E. Rolls, C. Goodrich, and R. Hadwen, Christ's College; C. Porter, R. Hartmar, and J. Coyte, Caius College; W. Wyatt, G. Turner, and C. Evans, Pembroke College; E. Rhodes, J. Fisher, M. Randall, and E. Boteler, Sidney College; J. Carwardine, E. Heells, W. Drage, H. Gery, and Bampton Gurdon, Emmanuel College; H. Rycroft, Trinity Hall.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVED PRINT.

"Illustrative of the Royal and ancient institution, Christ's Hospital, representing the two Senior Scholars of the Grammar School delivering the annual oration on St. Matthew's day, in the great hall, before the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of the City of London, the President, Treasurer, Governors of the Institution, and company assembled."

This Print is engraved in a highly finished style of the line manner, by J. G. Walker, from a painting by Thos. Stothard, Esq. R.A.

It has often been a matter of surprise to us that no painting or print relative to so remarkable a foundation as Christ's Hospital had appeared; and we are not sorry that it has been reserved for Mr. Walker (educated at this school) to give at once a proof of his gratitude to the establishment, and of his skill as an engraver, by bringing before the public this interesting and national subject.

The Print contains nearly one hundred portraits, and the time selected is the last year of the (late) Rev. James Boyer's officiating.

Our pages having very recently been occupied in reviewing Mr. Wilson's History of Christ's Hospital, it is unnecessary for us to go into details; and we need only advert to the name of Mr. Stothard as the artist, to satisfy our readers of the ability with which the Painting is executed, standing as it does among what may be called his public works—we mean his Canterbury Pilgrims, and his design and etching of the Wellington Shield.

Mr. Walker has, we understand, been in the practice of engraving from the works of Mr. Stothard; and, in the present instance, has given such a character and style of finish to his plate, as may justly rank it with our best specimens of native talent in the art of engraving. We trust, therefore, from the nature of the performance, the subject it embraces, and the particular as well as general interest it must excite, that the talents and labour of the artist may be justly rewarded, for his perseverance in so arduous an undertaking.

The order of the composition is in strict

conformity with the arrangement on the occasion. At the upper end of the Hall, the lord mayor, aldermen, president, treasurer and governors, are seated; the chamberlain, city marshals and other officers, in attendance. At the other end, are the two senior scholars, accompanied by the upper grammar master (one of the boys is in the act of reciting.) The rest of the company are ranged lengthwise, and occupy one side of the hall. The size of the Engraving is, we understand, that of the painting, rather more than 26 inches by 17.

LITHOGRAPHY.

From a French Journal.

LITHOGRAPHY continues to add to its resources, and daily to make new conquests. Not only are lithographic Engravings impressed in colours, but there is even a process by means of which Oil-paintings may be printed off. M. Malapeau, to whose researches we are indebted for this discovery, took out a patent at the end of last year, to secure to himself the advantages of his invention; and he has since that time made numerous applications of the process, all of which have perfectly succeeded. It is not for us to describe here the various means which M. Malapeau employs to take off upon canvas a faithful copy of an original painting. Suffice it to say, that neither the drawing, nor the colouring, nor even the handling of the Master, suffer from this method of multiplying the best productions of the art of painting in oil. Another advantage not to be passed over in silence is, that pictures thus copied by lithography may be sold at a very moderate price.

Among the pieces of Sculpture at the Exhibition this year, which are the most remarkable for grace and for purity of style, are, a Hebe, and a bust of the illustrious poet Klopstock, by M. Omacht of Strasbourg. He is the same Artist to whom we owe the four statues representing Muses, intended to adorn the theatre of that city, which has also commissioned him to execute the Monument voted to General Kleber.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sketches from Drawings by Mr. Dagley.

Sketch the First.

TIME arresting the Career of PLEASURE.

His iron hand grasped a Bacchante's arm,
And at his touch the rose and vine leaves died;
He pointed to the circle where the Hours
Held on their visible course.

Stay thee on thy mad career,
Other sounds than Mirth's are near;
Fling not those white arms in air;
Cast those roses from thy hair;
Stop awhile those glancing feet;
Still thy golden cymbals' beat;
Ring not thus thy joyous laugh;
Cease that purple cup to quaff;
Hear my voice of warning, hear,—
Stay thee on thy mad career!

Youth's sweet bloom is round thee now,
Roses laugh upon thy brow;
Radiant are thy starry eyes;
Spring is in the crimson dyes

O'er which thy dimple-smile is wreathing;
Incessant on thy lip is breathing;
Light and Love are round thy soul,—
But thunder peals o'er June-skies roll;
Even now the storm is near—
Then stay thee on thy mad career!

Raise thine eyes to yonder sky,
There is writ thy destiny;
Clouds have veiled the new moonlight;
Stars have fallen from their height;
These are emblems of the fate
That waits thee—dark and desolate!
All Morn's lights are now thine own,
Soon their glories will be gone;
What remains when they depart?
Faded hope, and withered heart
Like a flower with no perfume
To keep a memory of its bloom!
Look upon that hour-marked round,
Listen to that fateful sound;
There my silent hand is stealing,
My more silent course revealing;
Wild, devoted PLEASURE, hear,—
Stay thee on thy mad career!—L. E. L.

SONG.

Her's was a heart which, when it once had loved,
Could but ill brook the many trembling fears
That absent love must know.—*Lit. Gaz. No. 264.*

There's a heart where my image dwells,
And will dwell for ever;
But the bosom with anguish swells,
We part—and nought its grief dispels,
Or will dispel it ever.

There are tears in those soft blue eyes:
Oh! must they flow for ever?
'Tis hard where Love so sweetly lies;
The Boy ne'er misery's pow'r defies,
But lets it follow ever.

There is a voice, whose tender strain
Will on my ear rest ever;
Its music soften'd all my pain,—
Ne'er can I hear those tones again,
No! they are fled for ever.

There was a smile made my heart thrill,
To be forgotten never;
The thought will cheer my spirit still:
'Twas a bright gleam 'mid clouds of ill,
Hovering o'er me ever. B. G.

BIOGRAPHY.

J. H. BENWELL.*

Was the son of a person who acted as under-steward to the Duke of Marlborough. He was placed under the tuition of Mr. Saunders, whom Dayes calls an inconsiderable miniature painter, who resided for some years in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, but afterwards settled at Bath as a drawing-master. Benwell produced a few small pictures in a way almost peculiar to himself, exceedingly beautiful in execution, and painted with a combination of crayons and water-colours; and from the few specimens which he finished, it is to be lamented that he did not live long enough to display his powers in greater works. He died of a deep consumption at the early age of 21, in the year 1765, and was buried in Pancras church-yard, being the last of several children of his parents, who prematurely sunk into the grave under the same lingering disease. Among the works which he left are the following:—"The Children in the Wood," from which there is a print engraved by Sharp, and published by Byrne: the original is in the possession of Mr. Hills, the Cattle Painter. "Venus and Cupid," on which he

* In answer to a recent inquiry which we inserted in the Literary Gazette.—*Ed.*

had written his name and age, once in the possession of Mr. West. There are engraved heads by Bartolozzi, after designs by him; and also "The St. Giles's Beauty" and "The St. James's Beauty." All these works are in oval compartments, the largest of which is not more than ten or twelve inches in the transverse diameter. I once saw a tinted drawing of his, in the possession of Mr. Rivers, an engraver, then living at Kentish Town; the subject, two females on a bank, offering fruit to a naked female who is rising from a lake; probably a design for a book plate to illustrate the *Tales of the Genii*. There is also a smaller oval "Serena," from Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*; a similar idea to that which has been designed by Stothard in the same costume; and a larger print, "A Play-house Girl with Bills," in profile; both of these engraved by Bartolozzi. I have a tinted drawing of his, of "Henry and Emma," from which there is a small vignette, engraved by Noble for Suttaby's *Specimens of the British Poets*, but by no means doing justice to the original, which is one of his largest productions; the head of Emma being turned with ineffable grace and beauty; Edward looks somewhat noodleish. There are also two scenes from *Auld Robin Gray*, engraved from pictures by Benwell. Among his portraits, I am told, was an excellent one of himself (Query, who possesses it?) with a portfolio under his arm, the other hand over it, holding a portcrayon. I should like to see an engraving of it. Byrne, the late engraver, had some of his pictures. I believe he was not in the least related to one Mary Benwell, who exhibited in 1762. J. C.*****

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. IV.

THE BULL AND BUSH.

"What a delightful little snuggery is this said Bull and Bush," observed Gainsborough, as he poured the new milk into his breakfast-cup. "Faith! there is cream upon't, a pethenomon we Cockneys seldom behold."

"That is a new sort of Greek," said Garrick—"what, and is that too from your Fowler's Lexicon?"

"It is, my Davy-boy."—Now this Fowler was an honest old Tailor, whom Gainsborough patronised, one of the oddest fish of all whom he employed, and many a comical wight he did employ, for if a shopkeeper, mechanic, or handicraft, had any eccentricity or singularity about him, and was honest and obliging withal, he became that man's patron. In that he resembled Hogarth. This Fowler, who lived in Seven Dials, was recommended by Garrick; he had been employed for the stage wardrobe, and carried about with him a vocabulary of his own so perfectly unique, that Gainsborough, who was the greatest mad-cap of his day, used to intersperse his conversation with old Fowler's choicest phrases. Indeed, such were the occasional ebullitions of his spirits—such his aberrations from the sober decorum of conversation, that strangers not unfrequently thought him beside his wits. "Indeed his cranium was so crammed with genies of every kind," said Garrick, "that it is in danger of bursting upon you, like a steam-engine overcharged, which, were it duly regulated, its powers would be as great;" adding, "Poor Tom! storm or gentle breeze, he never takes in sail, but is always before the wind with his sky-scrappers."

"And what a table-cloth—damask—Dutch damask, by the lord—bright as the geese that flap their white wings there upon the heath. What a nosegay—smell it, Davy—damme, it is a better provocative than a barrel of *Colchester natives*! upon my soul, Sterne."—"More expletives," said Lawrence—"why, you reprobate, you cannot utter ten sentences without an oath."

"Thank you," said he, putting a large piece of roll in his mouth—"thank ye, *Parson Pure*.—Well, then, upon my conscience—Lord how mawkish—upon my"—Sterne put his hand before his mouth—"Upon—upon," pushing his arm away—"out it must come—upon my soul, Davy, you are a man of feeling; but as for this sentimental impostor—Davy, is not this little inn an epitome of the island—every thing fitting, every thing good, every thing as it ought to be—a pattern for every region of this terryostical globe?"

"Thou art a terryostical goose," said Sterne—"By and by, mark me, Reynolds, something will go wrong, and then 'twill be, *confound* this said England and all that appertaineth thereunto."

"Look you there—what a flock of them—(opportunately some twenty or thirty geese had taken their flight from the upper heath towards a pond at North-end)—mercy on us!—what a fright I was in!"—"Why?" said Sterne—"I verily took them for a flight of hungry Curates in their white surplices come to eat us up," said Gainsborough.

"Fye—fye!" said Caleb Whitefoord; "how long is it since you were at church, Tom, not to know a parson from a goose?" Sterne laughed most heartily—almost to suffocation, poor soul, he was so asthmatic.

"Waiter, have you any more eggs in the house?" said Gainsborough.

"Yes, sir, the cook is boiling some."

"You have a little farm here, I see," said Whitefoord—"pray, waiter, are these eggs of your own hatching?—I like a new-laid egg."

"No, sir," answered the waiter rather pertly, and with a grin, "they are hatched by *master's hens*." This was a standing repartee, ready cut and dried, and kept in store for Cockneys.

"I thought they might be your's," gravely retorted Caleb, "for I found a gosling in one of them." This converted him into a civil, obliging waiter for the remainder of the day.

"I ask pardon for my rudeness, sir," said the poor fellow, bowing and blushing as he returned with the smoking eggs.

"You are welcome to it," replied Caleb, laughing very good-naturedly; "we are quits."

"Do tell me, you Sir Joshua, and you other travelling luminaries, pray have they any such delectable, healthy, stomach-whetting little inns abroad?—As I hope to be saved, I am hungry as a winter wolf. By the powers, I am calculating upon dinner in the midst of breakfast. Let us knock up a bill of fare—Item: your dainty little white chicks, with gizzard tucked under one arm and liver under t'other—parsley and butter—did you see that double-headed parsley in the garden, Reynolds?"

"No, I did not, it escaped me."

"No, sir! why where were your chromatics—trees in miniature—a fairy wood, green as an emerald, and not see it! Yes, white legged chicks and streaky bacon—Didst see

the peas, Reynolds, twining up the lilliputian hop-poles?"—"I did, sir," answered Reynolds, smiling—"O! then be thankful to the Lord for preserving your optics. That's a blessing, at any rate. What are you ruminating about, hey, friend Lawrence?—are you going to be dull because I lampooned the parson's man?—come, give me thy hand. No Sterne, God forbid I should speak disrespectfully of your cloth. I love a parson next to painting—that's gospel. I never set my foot in a parsonage-house, if it be tenanted by a pious man, but I could weep. To see learning and science sitting beneath its humble porch in the person of a parish priest, raises my mind to veneration. Blessed be the ancient hands, when parceling out this land, that did preserve its acres for the church."—"Amen!" said Sterne.

"But I should make an irreligious King, perhaps," said Gainsborough.

"Why so, Tom?" said Sterne.

"Why so! why I should make too many of you bishops!"

"But your bill of fare," said Sterne, "let's have your bill of fare, Tom."

"True," replied the lively soul; "we must think of the temporalities, have due regard for the flesh—but where's the fish! That's a pretty business—'there's the rub.' Whuegh (whistling)—Why, Davy! did you not promise to provide a salmon? Waiter—wait-er-er"—elongating the sound,—"have you any idler about, any otter-nosed idler, that you can despatch to town to buy a bit of fish?"

"A cod's head and shoulders," said Garrick, who knew Tom's aversion.

"O no!" said Gainsborough, "I hate that slimy dish;—besides—what, Davy, cod in June for men of *science*, men of *art*, Davy!—Why, journeymen house-painters at a bean-feast would spurn cod in June. No; let's have a turbot, Davy—a dainty turbot, and lobsters with springy tails."

"Make yourself easy, Tom," said Garrick; "I wonder you, with your otter's nose, had not smelt fish in the boot. Old Dick Toms, true to his word, packed up a Thames salmon—Gainsborough rubbed his hands—"and a brace of small turbot."—Gainsborough smacked his lips—"And cock-tail lobsters too, Davy?"—"Yes, you cormorant," said Garrick.

"Bravo, Davy!—When misers make a feast, it is always so. What say you to a green goose, and some of the landlord's pease—all fresh, with the bloom upon them. What a delectable sight to see pretty maiden fingers shelling of pease—it's so summer-ish! O that I were a pea, a marrow-fat, between the dimpled fingers of mine host-his wife!"—mimicking Garrick's Romeo.

"O that I were a cudgel to break thy silly pate," said Garrick—"Do cut me another slice of ham, Davy;—deuce take it, why one would take you for an Israelite, you cuddle that swine's flesh so carefully. Come, come, a little thicker. See, gentlemen, what a nigger 'tis—a mere Jonathan Tyers—a Vaux-hall-er, thin as leaf-gold. Gods! one would think you were peeling your own flesh—'twas almost out (whispering),—or carving your own ham!"

"There, will that do—Simon Lock?"

"And who was he?"

"Why, one that old Sam Johnson knew, who ate his wits away; a fellow who fed with two spoons, and wept because he could not swallow faster."

"If every age improves, what a Simon

that fellow Master Simon's grandfather must have been," said Gainsborough. "Though there be greater fools than he. Poor Simon knew what he wept for; some fellows weep they know not for what. But I hate the taste of the knife; so one more delicate slice, Davy. This is a very delicious ham.—What, was this hog of your own curing, waiter?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Killed first, and cured afterward, hey?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Aye, very good—that must have been an Irish invention."

"You must be killed first, by the Lord, to be cured of your Tom-fooleries," said Garrick.

"What breed are your hogs—Chinese, hey, waiter?" said Garrick.—"Yes, Sir."

"Faith I'm just in the humour now," continued Tom, "to kill and cure one of your Chinese well-fed copper-coloured Mandarins, or a fat, fair she Mandarin, better still—they have such pretty little peeping, piggyish, as much as to say, *Come-kill-me eyes!*"

"Well, in the name of all that's wild, what next, Tom-o'-Bedlam!" said Garrick, laughing most boisterously—which we chorussed.

"What next! why (singing right humorously,) we'd hang him up o' the chimney top, and smoke him into bacon.—Come, boys, chorus bacon!—We'd hang her up in the chimney top, and smoke her too into bacon."

"What pity 'tis that court fools are out of date," said Garrick. "By Jupiter, Tom, you would have out-fooled Will Somers, Archey, Muckle-John, and all the Patches that ever wore the party-coloured liveries."

"And I were, I'd not spare the rogues; (then spouted) Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool." When suddenly turning grave, he added, "Yes, Davy! I am even the natural fool of fortune, as thy master Shakespeare says, for I have quitted my darling profession, left the woods and groves, to stew myself in an elegant carpeted damn'd dungeon, with two windows shut, and one half open, to paint fools' heads!"

Poor Gainsborough!—he was constantly regretting that imperious fate had compelled him to relinquish the study of landscape for portrait painting. "The sight of the green fields," as Garrick once observed with great emotion, "always awakened Tom's affection for his first love!"

Yes, poor Gainsborough!—he verily died an enthusiast.—"We are all going to Heaven," said he, "and Vandeyck is one of the party!" [Vide Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures.]

Chap. V.

A PEEP OUT AT WINDOW.

"Do you not think the old *surpente* some day, in a fit of ill-humour, invented portrait-painting, Reynolds?" said Gainsborough, starting from a short reverie.

"Why so, Sir?" answered Sir Joshua.

"Why, to torment and tease us artists—Yes, it was a newly-invented torment, begotten in spleen, brooded in spite, and hatched in fury!"

"Come, eat your toast and butter," said Garrick, "and be thankful, man."

"Why, Tom, surely you have not done!" said Sterne.

"I have," replied Gainsborough, laying down his knife and fork, folding his napkin, and pushing away his plate—"I never think of this perplexing devil-ment, but I lose my appetite."

"Ting-ting-ting-ting-ting-a-ring—" O YES,

This is to give notice—"The beadle of Hendon was under the window, crying some strayed Hampstead hogs."

"There, Tom!—hark!" said Garrick; "the bellman is crying your lost appetite."

"I would not give a cherry-stone to redeem it," said Gainsborough, lolling back in his elbow-chair, with his hands o'er his head, the fingers locked in each other, nicely dove-tailed, as Garrick used to say—it was a favourite position of the painter's, when he was musing.

"What!" said Whiteford, "lost your appetite, my most noble!" as he turned round with a spy-glass from looking out at another window. "Mercy on that colony of Gipsies there!—if they have picked it up, they must send their brats supperless to bed, or boil a bigger pot."

"Hey! what, Caleb! Gipsies—where?" jumping up, and seizing the telescope—"My Heaven, how precious! I'll be among you—Yes! this is worth a day's march. What a delectable group!—Look, Sir Joshua—look, be quick—you can feel the thing!"

"Delightful group!" said Garrick—

"Phaugh! a nest of ragged demons—and look at the little imps. Egad! they have been changing garb with the gibbeted murderers on Finchley Common, or robbing honest men's gardens of scare-crows—those who are not stark-naked. Why, look you there, Sterne—shame upon it—there's a girl, surely sixteen, without a petticoat to cover her filthy tawny skin."

"That's the charm on't," said Gainsborough, clapping his hands in ecstasy—"that's the charm, Davy—that's the true PICTURESQUE!"

"O the darling, dainty drabs—your true 'ditch delivered by a drab,' that your Shakespeare meant," said Caleb Whiteford. "Do, pray, Mister Garrick, put down the window—they will taint the air. I have a horror of these wretches—they are not human."

"And I have a rooted antipathy to them," said Garrick—"even from my childhood. But I do believe they were rather more preternatural in those days than now—what say you, Tom?"

"Antipathy!" said Gainsborough, "I would live with them—die with them! That Bamfylde Moore Carew was a man of taste—a gentleman born, too—He was king of the nut-brown maids."

"Live among the starving wretches!" said Whiteford, lifting up his hands and raising his eyes—"Mark you this!—Live!—four eggs, all new laid—a pound of delicate ham at least—as many cups of tea, strong and sweet—French rolls, quantum sufficit for four moderate stomachs—two wings of chicken, and water-cresses—a welcome guest, one of six to a roasted hedge hog, and that dainty dish only on high days and holidays!"

"Go on," said Gainsborough, laughing, "go on, 'Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite—lay by all nicety.' Not, Caleb, that you are over nice in your catering; but 'I'll note you in my book of memory, to scourge you for this apprehension.' So, gentlemen, adieu for a-while, whilst I go and sketch the gipsies. Reynolds, can you lend me a pencil? Faith I came without mine. This comes of portrait painting—confound it! Time was, ah! 'there's the rub,' time was, when I'd as soon have rambled forth in the green fields bare breech'd, as without a pencil. No, you have only an empty case; so, Reynolds! I thought as much, by Heaven! Twenty painters, and no

pencil—twenty persons, and no prayer-book.—Waiter—waiter—do go and ask for a lead pencil. O! here's Mister Landlord."

"What time would you please to dine, Gentlemen?" said the host. "We have a fine green goose, ducks, and—"

"Damn your ducks and geese!" said Gainsborough, "have you such a thing as a black-lead pencil, or a plummet? Or a red-hot poker and a board? Any thing."

"No, Sir," said the host, laughing, for he knew what an eccentric being was Gainsborough, who patronized the house.

"That's improvident," said Gainsborough, softening his tone, "that is improvident, my worthy host; for, look you, with that I could conjure up ducks and geese, bucks and does, fish, flesh, and fowl, more than would fill your larder."

"But, I ask pardon, Sir;—would they fill the belly?" said the landlord.

"Aye, friend, they fill my belly, and have often filled the stomachs of those gentlemen, and they are no starvelings!"

"Why yes, Sir," replied the landlord, "and will again, I hope—I ask pardon—now I take you—I've heard your *drifts* (meaning his pictures) are changed into gold, and there's no filling the larder without, as the saying is; but I'll send a man and horse, a *swift one*, up to town for a pencil, and you shall have one in a few minutes."

"Up to town and back in a few minutes!" said Bunbury, *pricking his ears*—"Why, it is four miles, man! Do let me see the horse, Mister Landlord." Bunbury was an early connoisseur in horse-flesh—his *Jeffrey Gambado* to wit.

"Sir," said the landlord, bowing and smiling, "We call Hampstead *up town*."

"Why, what a cockney thou art, Bunbury," said Garrick—"You a man of the turf! why, our host was laughing in his sleeve."

"With all my heart," said Bunbury, laughing heartily at his own mistake; "let him, and I'll laugh in turn, for I'll send him down a Caricature of himself, and he may laugh at that." And Bunbury kept his word. The good-humoured host enjoyed the joke, framed it, and hung it in the *Bar* for years. Bunbury, who was of an amiable sprightly temper, often visited the house, and his salutation on seeing the landlord was always, "Well, mine host, how goes the swift one?"

For Charles (in our last) read Eustache le Sueur.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Among the recent curious productions in French literature is the correspondence of the late Abbé Morellet with Comte Roderer, written while the latter superintended the organization, and consequently the overthrow, of the kingdom of Naples under Joseph Buonaparte. The Abbé Morellet had acquired the reputation of possessing a firm and disinterested character, because, in the first place, being connected with the philosophic party under the old regime, he was imprisoned for some weeks in the Bastille; secondly, because, during the Revolution, he did not crouch to the tyrants of the day; and lastly, because, under the reign of Napoleon, he did not speak in the legislative body—for to be silent was almost a virtue, when the members of that body spoke only to flatter and to

recommend themselves to the favour of their master. But men who have remained independent for forty-nine years, have been known to wear chains in their fiftieth; such was the case of the Abbé Morellet, who, though nearly eighty years of age, took it into his head to push his way in the world by means of sycophancy and all the arts of a skilful courtier. The publication alluded to, furnishes us with the particulars of this little clandestine event, which the Abbé took care never to make public; and which would not now have been known, had not Comte Roderer, through a rather pardonable malice, opened his port-folio, in which were buried the proofs of the Abbé's capitulation. The correspondence opens with a complimentary letter from Morellet to Roderer, who was then giving Joseph Buonaparte instructions in the art of reigning, and was the dispenser of favours at the court of Naples. In this letter, the Abbé recommends to him the children of an ancient noble family whom he wished to have established in the quality of pages at the new court of Naples. Having closed his recommendation, Morellet, with an air of indifference observes, that if he were younger and more active he would be happy to maintain a literary correspondence with his patron, and inform him of the course of events at Paris. The reply is not inserted in this collection of letters, but it is evident from Morellet's following communication, that his hint had produced the desired effect, and that he had been invited to become another Grimm at Naples. The Abbé conceived it to be his duty to accept this invitation;—the manner in which he entered upon his office shews that in point of subtlety and courtesy he was no way inferior to his prototype. He observes, that he has found among his papers an essay which he once wrote on prescription in points of government, and he trusts he may address it to his patron. After this preamble, he gives a very cleverly written paper in favour of the legitimacy of Joseph's sovereignty. To know how this Essay was received at Naples, we have only to go a few pages farther, when we find a passage in which Morellet returns thanks for the money which Joseph's treasurer had paid him at Paris. — — — — —

THE DRAMA.

On Saturday last, Mr. Alexandre finished his extraordinary performances at the Adelphi Theatre. He exerted himself greatly on the occasion, and left a vivid impression of his powers and versatility of talent on the audience. He was loudly applauded, and in conclusion delivered, with much sensibility, the following appropriate Address:—

Ladies and Gentlemen.—As the evening terminates, for a short period, my efforts to promote your amusement, I would fain express to you, however imperfectly, the grateful feelings your kind and generous patronage inspires. I have often had occasion to lament my deficiency in the English language; but how much more

cause have I to lament it at the present moment, when my heart is swelling with emotions towards you, my kind and generous benefactors! which indeed I cannot find words to express. Imagine all that the most ardent gratitude would say, and you will then do justice to my imperfect utterance of my own feelings.

England has been justly styled the stranger's home; I have found it so! I have found it, too, the liberal patron of a stranger's talent. The recollections of your past kindness shall stimulate me to merit it in future by every exertion of my abilities I can possibly make. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, with sincere wishes for your health and happiness, most respectfully I bid you farewell for the present season.

DRAMATIC NEWS.—The name of Mr. Dibdin's forthcoming drama is *The Abyssinian*. The Theatrical world has just suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. EMERY. That admirable performer died on Thursday night. In his line, which was limited, he was certainly never excelled, if ever he was equalled, upon the stage. Rough nature, strong passions, and at other times a fine simplicity, marked his acting. Foreign judges were always struck with his force; and it is not too much to say, that the lovers of the drama at home could hardly have had a loss more difficult to be repaired, or a favourite more truly to be regretted.

A new five act Opera, founded on the history of "Gil Blas," the music by Mr. Moss and Mr. Sor, is in rehearsal at the English Opera House.

VARIETIES.

St. Petersburg, July 11.—A very important work has just been published here, in the Russian language, viz. "Travels through Turcomania and Chiwa, by Captain Murawiew, of the Guards, 2 vols. 4to. with Atlas." M. V. M. was sent two years ago by the government to undertake a journey to the Tartar nations on the East coast of the Caspian Sea, particularly to the Truchmenians and Chiwensians, in order, if possible, to open a shorter way through the countries inhabited by these people, for our trade with Asia. His object did not entirely fail; but he had the misfortune, originating in the perpetual feuds of these tribes, to be made prisoner by the Chiwensians, and languished ten months in confinement in their capital. The accounts of all that he saw and experienced during this period render his narrative extremely interesting.

The Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres proposed in 1820, as the subject of a prize, to ascertain among the historical monuments what caused the emigration of the people known by the name of Normans, in the middle ages, and to trace the abridged history of their incursions and settlements in France. At the last sitting, the Academy decreed the prize to the Memoir of M. Deping.

An astonishing surgical operation was lately performed with success in the hospital of St. Louis, at Paris. A peasant of the neighbourhood of La Fère, was persuaded that about five years ago he had swallowed

with his food some reptile, which, in an inexplicable manner, still lived, as he affirmed, in his stomach. The physicians employed various prescriptions without effect. Tortured by excruciating pains, the unhappy man resolved to go to Paris, to be opened; which operation was in fact performed by making an incision just below the region of the heart, when it was ascertained that his conjecture was well founded. As soon as the animal perceived more air than it was accustomed to, it shewed itself at the end of the incision, but immediately drew back; when one of the assistants put his finger into the wound, and drew out a Snake two feet and a half in length, and eighteen lines in circumference. It lived sixty hours. The patient felt great relief, and is in a situation which gives no reason to apprehend any bad consequences!—*Foreign Journal.*

Bulls are as plenty as blackberries: a Correspondent detects one in our last week's extracts from the Man of the World's Dictionary. The passage runs thus: "*System.*—Makers of systems may be compared to dancers of minuets; they are in constant motion without advancing a step, and finish by returning to the place from which they set out!" How, in the name of wonder, can a man return who has not advanced! Is this a French bull, or an Irish translation?

Penley, who with an English company of Comedians is going to perform in Paris, has engaged the Theatre Port St. Martin for twelve nights.

Vauxhall.—A new kind of entertainment was to have been produced at these Gardens on Wednesday, (such as we suggested at the beginning of the season;) but unfortunately, Mr. Yates, who was to have sustained its burthen, met with a serious accident in stepping over a plank from his rehearsal, of which we lament to say, a broken limb to him, and a disappointment to the public, were the consequences.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JULY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	18 from 50 to 73	29.74 to 29.68
Friday	19 from 57 to 71	29.64 to 29.48
Saturday	20 from 50 to 66	29.50 to 29.54
Sunday	21 from 55 to 70	29.57 stat.
Monday	22 from 60 to 66	29.51 to 29.78
Tuesday	23 from 56 to 68	29.77 to 29.69
Wed.	24 from 55 to 72	29.58 to 29.59

Prevailing winds S. and SW.—Weather generally cloudy; clear at times.—Rain, more or less, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st.—Lightning in the evening of the 18th.—Rain fallen, half an inch.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Etymological Gleaner* is requested to send to our Office for a letter, when convenient.

Dorsusigerd (we believe) does not suit our page.

We cannot insert *Charades*. They are pleasant puzzles when well done, but would, we flatter ourselves, exclude from our leaves more agreeable matter. A punning friend at our elbow suggests, that after all *Charades*, transposed, are only *Read-arcs*.

The same cause which prevented our giving a Print of the Statue in Hyde Park last week, has operated to postpone it till next Saturday.

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